rusty implements, a little rági seed, and, in one instance, a man's jaw. The structures do not face east or west, or north or south, but are seen facing all sides.

About ten miles to the right of the high road from Mysore to the Nílgéri hills, is the sacred hill of Gopálswámi, a picturesque and verdant mountain, 1,500 feet above the plains, on which there are eight springs, to which mysterious virtues are attributed, the locality, in spite of its unhealthiness and the fear of wild beasts, being much frequented by pious Hindus. The upper portion is surrounded by ancient fortifications, built of immense stones, and of great extent, reputed to have been constructed by one Dankana Naik or Dhan Naik, of whose palace a few traces are still to be seen, together with five massive gateways. Tradition is silent as to the history of the chiefs who dwelt here, but it is a curious fact that, in many cases in the jungles in the neighbourhood, tanks long disused are to be seen, while rice, called by the natives kád-akki, or forest rice, grows wild, being no doubt produced from seed, self-planted in land which was once under cultivation. Such decadence of places once of local note is common in India, and everywhere are to be seen the ruins of fortresses which in olden time were the only means of upholding the power of their possessors.

Among the most valuable products of the Mysore forests is sandal wood, which has, from the earliest times, been a royal monopoly, the tree being felled and sold exclusively by government agency. It is of most capricious growth, being found neither in dense forests nor in the open country, but just outside the

skirts of the heavier jungles, and only in certain localities, where it is to be seen in clumps like an orchard, or in hedge rows, or growing singly. Attempts to rear it from seed have been unsuccessful, and it refuses to flourish, except over very limited tracts, of which Periapatan is the principal. The tree is of the size of an apple tree, with a delicate small leaf, and a large black berry when ripe.

Of late years an attempt has been made to grow cinchona on the Bilikalrangama, or white stone-mountain (so called from the appearance of the hill as approached from the west), a hill about 4,500 feet high, where some of the succirubra species have been planted with fair results. The plantation is, however, exposed to the depredations of wild elephants, which, together with bison and sambre deer, are found in this isolated range of hills, which is a favourite resort of enthusiastic sportsmen.

Among the hills in the Mysore district of historical celebrity is Kabáldrug, a fortified conical hill of considerable height, and with precipitous sides, on the summit of which many Englishmen are said to have sighed away their lives, owing to insufficient food and bad water, while prisoners of the savage Tippu. Long before his time, Kabáldrug was the state prison of offending members of the Mysore family, and it is said that one of the Rajas was sent here by a powerful minister, to expiate by a slow and lingering death his offences against the State. The ascent is somewhat hazardous, unless one's shoes are taken off, or goloshes worn over them, as the rock is extremely slippery, and

the steps, which have been rudely cut on the glassy surface at the most perilous points, have been worn away and scarcely afford foothold. Goloshes are very useful for climbing slippery granite rocks, especially when they are covered with dry grass, which, when growing on a precipitous mountain side, is difficult to walk over with safety.

Of all the towns in the Mysore district, the greatest interest attaches to Séringapatam, as the seat of two dynasties, and the scene of combats glorious in the annals of the British army. When the Vijayanagar princes succeeded to the authority formerly wielded by the Jain Rajas of the Belál race, Talkád, which was the ancient capital of the latter, and before them of the Chéra kings, had already been deserted for Dwára-samudram, which was destroyed by the Musalmán invaders. The last of the Rajas took refuge at Tonúr, where there is a strikingly fine reservoir, called the Pearl Tank, constructed several hundred years ago by Rámánujáchárí, the famous Vaishnava teacher. Close by, as if erected in contempt of him, is the tomb of Sháh Sálár Masaúd Gházi, a Musalman saint, with the date 760 Hijri on it, from which it may be inferred that he accompanied the bitter foes of the Hindu people who invaded Mysore.

The growing power of the Vijayanagar chiefs soon extinguished the last traces of the Belál race, and Seringapatam was selected as the head-quarters of the viceroys of the new sovereigns. The tract in the vicinity, called the Ashtagrám, or the eight towns, was granted in the twelfth century by the last of the Belál

kings to Rámánujáchárí. In 1454 a descendant of one of his disciples, named Timmana, or Dhannaik, was appointed viceroy by the Anagundi sovereign, and erected a fort, and a temple dedicated to Sri Ranga, or Vishnu, to construct which numerous old Jain temples in the neighbourhood were destroyed.

The site was apparently well selected, being on an island, laved on both sides by the sacred Kávéri, a formidable and rocky stream, which, when unbridged, was in itself a natural defence. The ancient Hindus always evinced a predilection for the banks of great rivers as the sites of their capitals, the most conspicuous of these being Srinagar in Kashmír, on the Jhilam, Hastinapura, or Delhi, on the Jamuná, Prayág, or Allahabad, Benares, and Kanauj on the Ganges, Banawási on the Vardá, with many others, some of which remain to this day. To all appearance, Seringapatam, strong by nature and by art, and under the protection of the god Vishnu, who gave his name (Sri Ranga) to the place, was eminently well chosen. Indeed it was for a century the seat of the Anagundi, or Vijayanagar deputies, whose authority was implicitly obeyed by all the country around, till Ráj Wodiar, the Baron of Mysore, raised the standard of revolt in 1609, and seized the famous stronghold.

During the rule of Haidar Ali, this usurper, who was alive to the value of so formidable a fortress, strengthened it considerably, as well as the other principal forts in his country, and his son Tippu Sultan having called in the aid of French engineers, the place was very formidable when besieged by the British army. It could,

E 7·1

LIBRARY

indeed, be easily shelled now-a-days by guns placed in position on the surrounding hills, and defects may be found in the absence of revêtements, and other details; but the gateways are of great solidity, with complicated approaches, and the walls are mostly still in good preservation. In fact, if it were suddenly seized by a rebel force at the season when the river is in flood, and if the two bridges over it were destroyed, its reduction might entail considerable loss, and it is worthy of consideration whether it would not be advisable to break down the curtain of the walls at intervals for a length of 100 yards. The place where our troops crossed the river on May 4, 1799, is marked by two cannon buried in the ground, and as the breach that was made is still visible, and the walls are for the most part intact, a lively and accurate idea may be formed of the state of things when the memorable assault took place. Inside, nearly every vestige of the Muhammadan rulers has disappeared, their palaces having been levelled to the ground, while the temple of Sri Ranga still stands erect as a memorial of the old Hindu dynasty. The town now contains barely 7,000 inhabitants, and though less unhealthy than it was fifty years ago, is still dreaded for its fever, which deters visitors from sleeping inside the fort, though their fears on this head are somewhat exaggerated. Deserted houses and ruins meet the eye at every step, and the vegetation looks rank and unwholesome. The prevailing sickness has been attributed to the paddy flats in the vicinity of the island, as also to the destruction of the sedge or sweet flag which grew in the river; but it is more probable that

the real cause of fever is to be sought in the nature of the rocks, which, being composed of sienite, become disintegrated, and when uncovered by water, and heated by the sun, emit a malarious infection, which produces the fever so much complained of.

At a short distance from the fort is the Daryá Daulat Garden, a pleasure house of Tippu Sultan, which is covered with grotesque frescoes of the battles between him and Colonel Baillie. In the mimic fight, the latter is represented as reclining helplessly in a palankin, while Tippu, on horseback, is serenely smelling a bouquet of flowers amidst the shooting and stabbing which is going on around him. All kinds of strange combats are depicted—headless bodies, with the heads some inches off on the ground, being a favourite item, while the guns which have performed the feat are shown, with a stalwart Mysorean holding the portfire. The French soldiers in Tippu's service are invariably painted with moustaches, while the English have smooth faces, save the traditional mutton-chop whiskers. In order to perpetuate the memory of the Duke of Wellington, who resided for some time in this picturesque abode, Lord Dalhousie, when Governor-General, directed the restoration of the curious paintings which adorn its walls, the arabesque interior also having been re-embellished, at a total outlay of more than 5,000*l*. Unfortunately this garden house partakes of the unhealthiness of the fort, but it is a pleasant place for a mid-day picnic.

At the farther end of the island, in the Lál Bagh, repose the remains of our implacable foe, Tippu Sul-

tán, who was buried in the mausoleum erected in honour of his father, Haidar Ali. It is a handsome structure of white marble, with black hornblende pillars, somewhat in the fashion of the famous Táj at Agra, but less profusely ornamented, and of a poorer design. It is kept up at the cost of the British Government, great attention being paid to the building and the fine garden which surrounds it, whose gloomy cypresses lend a sombre charm to the scene. As one stands in the tomb, words faintly uttered resound in the lofty dome with a mournful sound, attoning the mind to those mixed feelings of pride and sympathy which are called forth by dwelling on the downfall of one of our direst enemies, and by commiseration for his untimely end. Till recently, comparatively little attention was paid to the monuments of the brave men who fell on our side, nor are any of them remarkable. It is a proof of the toleration of the British Government that the Musalmáns of Seringapatam were permitted to place within Tippu's tomb a tablet, which records in glowing and fanatical verses the death of the zealot. By the process called Abjad, according to which every letter of the alphabet has a numerical value, the date of his demise, according to the Muhammadan era, is found in the following expressions:—'The light of Islám and the faith left this world;' 'Tippu became a martyr for the faith of Muhammad;' 'The sword was lost;' 'The offspring of Haidar was a great martyr,' all these phrases producing, on adding up the numerical value of the words composing them, the year 1213, i.e., 1799.

The inscription on the tomb of Haidar Ali is of a

much more modest character. It is a curious fact that, great as was the prestige of the latter, and famous as he was, both in war and as an administrator, he is never spoken of in the same terms of deep veneration as his son Tippu Sultan, shallow and pretentious as was the nature of this sovereign. Tippu, however, was an incarnation of Musalmán bigotry and intolerance, qualities which, though they made him abhorred and feared by those whom he persecuted, won for him unbounded admiration and respect from all true followers of Islam. He was, in fact, in those days, what the Wahàbis are now, a puritanical observer of the letter of the Muhammadan law, and a relentless opponent of those who did not belong to his faith.

The island of Seringapatam belongs to the British Government, but is rented by the Maharaja of Mysore for 5,000*l.* yearly, which is more than double its present income. When this arrangement was made, it was a convenience to the Maharaja to eliminate British jurisdiction from a place only nine miles from his capital, while the administration of a small island far removed from any British District was embarrassing to our Government. There is little object now in retaining Seringapatam, the fortress being no longer required for political purposes, while the island has been for fifty years under Mysore rule. To the Raja, however, at the seat of his ancestors, and as containing a famous shrine of his religion, it is of greater value than would be represented by a mere calculation of the income at so many years' purchase. The English Government would, therefore, do well to dispose of it to

him, on the young chief's attaining his majority a few years hence.

Mysore, the head-quarters of the district, and the capital of the province, has a population of 73,000, and is, therefore, a considerable place, but is badly situated, and were it not for its being the seat of the Sovereign, would soon lose the factitious importance that it now possesses. The locality is feverish, and the want of an abundant supply of water is a great defect. In the time of the celebrated minister, Purnia, an attempt was made to bring to the city the water of the Kávéri, but although the requisite channel was excavated at an immense cost, the project failed, as a sufficient flow could not be secured at the only practicable level, and recent enquiry by experienced engineers has demonstrated the impossibility of success. There are few good houses in the town, the majority being constructed of wattle and mud, while the Raja's palace within the fort can scarcely be considered worthy of the name. It is surrounded on all sides by houses, many of them of a mean description, and although there are some fine temples hard by, with summits gaily decorated with gold, and it is itself a somewhat lofty building, it evidences little architectural taste or skill. It is to be observed, however, that when Seringapatam fell, and it was determined to erect a residence for the young Hindu Raja Krishnaráj at Mysóre, instead of at the former place, there was no suitable dwelling ready for him, while the minister was compelled, in the financial exigencies of the State, to exercise a close economy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Raja's palace should

be more commodious than elegant, and that, while there appears to be plenty of room for all the household and establishments, the royal apartments are of a somewhat mean character. Notwithstanding that Mysore is a place of no antiquity, and that it is occasionally extremely unhealthy, the circumstance that it became in 1799 the capital of the young Raja led to a petty village growing into a large town, with a considerable population. This is the more remarkable, as it possesses no special trade nor manufacture, its prosperity being almost entirely dependent upon the presence of the Raja and his court.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the town of Mysore is Chámundi, a fine hill, 1,000 feet above the plains, on which is a temple dedicated to the goddess of that name, better known as Káli, the wife of Siva. She is the hereditary deity of the Raja's house, and the name of Mysore or Maisur is said to be derived from the circumstance that she destroyed at this place Mahéshásúr, the buffalo-headed demon. The temple built on the summit in her honour is greatly venerated by the Mysore Rajas, who pay it periodical visits, ascending the hill by a flight of rudely-cut steps, two-thirds way up which is a colossal basava or bull, sacred to Siva, carved out of an immense block of black hornblende, by orders of Raja Dodda Deoraj, two hundred years ago.

It is currently asserted that in the temple, as at Kolhapur, and other places where the dark rites of Káli were celebrated, human sacrifices were offered in former days, and there can be little doubt that the belief in

their efficacy still lingers in the minds of the people, especially in the more secluded parts of the country.

The temples most revered by the late Maharaja, besides Chámundi, were those at Chámrájnagar and Nanjanagudú. The former town was the birthplace of his father, but the temple, though profusely ornamented with stone carvings, is not otherwise remarkable. In the vicinity of the town, however, there are a few remains of a place called Manipur, which is said to have a high antiquity, having been founded by a son of the Pándava Prince Arjuna, in consequence of the Rishi Rómaharshana having discovered on the site representations of two of the gods of the Hindu mythology. The city was, it is said, several miles round, but nothing is now to be seen, except two or three temples, of which the era is uncertain. The belief that one or more of the Pándava brothers visited Mysore, as well as other parts of Southern India, is universal among all natives, and may perhaps be adduced as circumstantial evidence in favour of the historical truth of the famous epic, the Mahábhárata. It is difficult otherwise to account for the fact that the people are so familiar with the names of the Pándavas, whose exploits and adventures form a favorite subject of conversation with all classes of the community.

Nanjanagudú was named after the god Siva, in commemoration of his having swallowed poison without evil effects arising. The temple is 15 miles from the capital on the river Kabani, and is frequented by crowds of devotees in March, when a great car-festival is held in honour of the god. Though its gold top shines

brightly in the sun, and the carvings on it are not devoid of merit, the building has the heavy appearance usually observable in the temples of Southern India. It is handsomely endowed, and when the late Raja was at death's door, consecrated rice was sent to him daily from it, in the hope that, by partaking of it, he might be cured of his malady. His Highness had, however, long suffered from swellings in the neck and legs, accompanied by severe coughing, vomiting, and purging, and the Brahmanical specific was of no avail.

Far more remarkable than Nanajangudi is the ancient temple of Sómnáthpur, said to have been built by Jakanáchári, a celebrated architect of the time of the Belál Rajas. If the name of the builder is correctly given, and, from the near resemblance of the carvings on the structure to those on the famous Halibede temple, in the Hásan District, there is no apparent reason for questioning the fact, the story confirms the tradition that the kings of the Belál race conquered this part of Mysore, and upset the rule of the Chéra sovereigns of Talkád, which is only distant a few miles from Sómnáthpur. Vishnu Vardhana, the first of the Belál chiefs who abandoned the tenets of the Jain faith, previously followed by his forefathers, is asserted to have reigned about the year 1116 A.D., so that the Sómnáthpur temple, which was built in his time, is ancient. The carvings on the outer face are extremely beautiful. The temple stands in the centre of a square courtyard, flanked by fifteen compartments on each side, which are supported by finely-cut pillars, the roofs between each set of pillars and the entrances

to the cells being delicately chiselled. At the main entrance there is a very large black stone Shásana, with a long inscription on it in ancient Kanarese characters. The reference in the inscription to Dwára-samudram points clearly to Halibede, the seat of empire of the Belál kings, but it is difficult to identify the name of the bestower of the endowment with that of any of the sovereigns of that House. Narsinha[1] is the name of the royal donor in the inscription.

In former days, when paper was unknown, it was the custom in Southern India to write all manuscripts on palm leaf, but, in the case of grants of land to temples, it was more usual to record the gift on copper plates, or on stone slabs. The former are generally 6 inches by 4, written on both sides, and held together by a copper ring, on which is stamped the seal of the donor, the inscription being either in Sanskrit or ancient Kanarese. The stone slabs vary from 7 to 3 feet in height, and from 3 to 5 feet in width, containing fifty or more lines of writing, and looking like huge gravestones set on end. They are always found inside, or in close proximity to temples, and are religiously preserved as the title deeds, on the strength of which assignments of land or money are held by the shrines.

The inscriptions first note the day of the lunar month, and the year of the gift, and after a preamble, setting forth the glories of the dynasty of the donor, and the virtues of the recipient, mention in detail the nature of the donation, such as the receipts

[1] A king named Narsinha is mentioned in Brown's 'Cyclic Tables,' p. 5, as being a son of Vishnu Vardhana, the date assigned being 1163 A.D.

from irrigated and unirrigated land, hidden treasure, all immovable objects, and all that then existed on the land, or that might be acquired by self-exertion. They invariably end by imprecating curses on those who disturb the charity, alleging that a gift to a Brahman must be as sacred in the eyes of the sovereign as his own sister, and that land given by a stranger for pious purposes should be regarded as a mother is regarded. There are hundreds of such grants in the Mysore country, and though it is supposed that many of those on copper are forgeries, there is little doubt that most of those carved on stone are genuine.

In many cases, the Shásanas are divided into three compartments, the lowest representing a struggle for supremacy between rival princes, who, mounted on elephants and horses, and accompanied by armed hosts, are fighting fiercely; in the centre, the victor is represented in heaven, seated on his throne, and attended by celestial nymphs; while in the upper compartment, he is seen offering sacrifice to the deity. Between the compartments, one generally finds several lines of writing, but the attempts hitherto made to decipher the more ancient inscriptions of this class have not been attended with much success, as the old language of the country is known to few, and the writing is chiefly in the Grantham or ancient Tamil character. It is supposed by some that the Shásanas on which the carved figures are found were put up in memory of the conqueror on his decease, but little is known of them with certainty.

The most ancient inscriptions appear to be of the period of the Kadamba and Haisal or Belál dynasties,

and the oldest were perhaps carved one thousand years ago, beyond which time history in Mysore does not reach with precision. One main cause of the difficulty in ascertaining the exact date of any inscription is the practice of the Hindus of reckoning by the cycle of sixty years, so that, though the *name* of the year is always given, the corresponding year of the Sáliváhan era is frequently omitted. Hindus still cling fondly to the cycle, of which the commencing years are deemed auspicious and the closing ones unlucky, as may be supposed from the phrases 'blood-vomiting,' 'bloody-eyed,' 'wrathful,' and 'final,' the names of the 57th, 58th, 59th, and 60th years. The crops are asserted to be always deficient in these latter years, as was certainly the case at the close of the last cycle in 1866–67, and no orthodox Hindu will contract a marriage in the final year.

A few miles from Mysore is one of the largest establishments in India for refining sugar. The cane, of which the jaggory is used for the purpose, is grown chiefly near Seringapatam, and is one of the most profitable crops, though it takes fourteen or sixteen months to attain maturity. The jaggory is boiled in water, in which some lime and animal blood are mixed, and, after being filtered, is passed through charcoal to discolor it. It is then boiled by steam, when crystallisation takes place. After cooling, the crystals are separated from the treacle, and are assorted into three classes, of which the first is of excellent quality. In connection with the sugar refinery is a distillery, where a superior kind of spirits is produced, which has

a large sale, both in Mysore and beyond the frontier. An inferior kind of spirits, made of jaggory, taken from the date palm, is also largely consumed in the country.

The high road from Mysore westward leads by Yelwál, a country-house of former Residents, to Hunsúr, at one time a flourishing depôt of the Madras Government, where various useful trades were carried on, which were alike profitable to the people and the State, but which an unwise economy stopped. A great quantity of leather accoutrements, as well as wood and iron implements of all sorts, were made for the army at a minimum of expense, owing to the facility with which hides were procured, and to the vicinity of valuable forests temporarily made over by the Mysore State to the British Government for the construction of gun-carriages.

The principal feature in this establishment, however, was the department for breeding cattle, called the 'Amrit Mahál:' from 'amrit,' milk, and 'mahál,' a department, a phrase apparently coined in the time of Tippu Sultán. The Mysore cattle were famed throughout India for their speed and endurance; and although not so powerful in appearance as the Hissar breed in the north, they were more hardy, and far better adapted to the draught of guns, and were generally employed for this purpose, till the importation of Australian horses led to their being used solely for heavy siege guns. The breed was kept up with great care and at a heavy expense, but it was invaluable to the country, and good bullocks could be purchased at 8*l.* or 10*l.* the pair. After the abolition of the depart-

ment, when the agriculturists were left to their own resources, the breed of cattle rapidly degenerated throughout the country, and a fair pair of bullocks now costs double what it did fifteen years ago, thus entailing a considerable charge to the Madras Government. The department has, however, been recently revived, with fair prospects of success. The Mysore cattle stand high at the shoulder, have very powerful withers, sinewy but slender fore joints, and long curved horns. They are mostly white, or iron grey, but some are of a bluish-grey colour, and a few black. The best kinds are found in the Mysore district, and the cows are good milkers, but they require a change of pasturage, and for this purpose many grass preserves, called Kawals, some of which are well supplied with water, are reserved for their use in different parts of the province, so as to admit of the transfer of the herds in the dry season from the central grazing grounds to others nearer the hills, where more moisture then prevails.

Leaving Hunsúr, the high road to Coorg passes through Periapatam, formerly the stronghold of a petty Pálegár, and the centre of the track where the sandal-wood tree grows with the greatest luxuriance. It is cut down by contract and carried to the depôt, where it is prepared by hand, and after the bark is stripped off, the wood is assorted according to quality, in logs three feet long, which are piled in heaps, and sold by auction. It sells at the rate of 1*l.* per 56 pounds' weight, if of fine quality, but there are eight or nine divisions made at the periodical sales, according

to the fineness of the grain, the absence of flaws and cracks, and the size of the log, which rarely exceeds nine inches in diameter, after it has been prepared in the government timber-yards. There are five distinct qualities of sandal-wood logs, but, besides these, the following classification is made: Jaj Pókal, or logs hollowed inside; Baghair adad, or logs unassorted, as being under four seers' weight; Chilta, or chips; and Ghut jar, or big roots. In fact, every portion of the tree is carefully preserved, while from the smaller cuttings a good deal of oil, faintly resembling atar of roses, is made, and extensively used in Southern India, where the genuine atar is rare.

A considerable revenue is raised from sandal-wood in Mysore, it being exported to Bombay, where it is used for carving, and for funeral pyres by luxurious Hindus, while large quantities are sent to China, the Indian wood being much superior to that of the Feejee Islands, where it is also found. Persons felling sandal-wood without authority are liable to fine, and the conservancy of the trees forms as important a branch of the duties of the forest department as the preservation of the royal forests.

About nine miles north of Periapatam, near the town of Bettadapur, is a very fine peak called Malikárjuna, which is a prominent object throughout the western part of Mysore. There is a wearisome flight of steps to the summit, passing through many gateways, and at the top there is a small temple which has attained some notoriety, owing to its having been struck by lightning, which is regarded by the people

as a token of the presence of the Divinity, who, in the shape of the god Śiva, honored it by a visit. From this point a splendid view may be had of the Coorg mountains, and of a wide stretch of country on all sides.

Immediately west of Periapatam commences the belt of jungle which encircles the Mysore district throughout its western and southern sides. It is extremely unhealthy, and infested in many places by wild beasts. Although tigers are not generally found in the denser forests, these are the favourite haunts of elephants, which travel long distances, and do immense injury to the rice fields. So great are their ravages, that it is not uncommon for the people to fence in with strong bamboo thickets the whole of the cultivated land of their villages, thus forming an extended cordon which the animals find it difficult to penetrate. They are occasionally caught in pitfalls, and expeditions are sometimes organised to hunt them down, but, unless they are caught when very young, they are not easily domesticated. One, which was captured when three months old, was sent in to the menagerie at Bangalore, where it used at first to lament piteously the absence of its dam, refusing for some time to be consoled.

In the denser forests of the district, the only inhabitants are the wild Kurubas, consisting of the Betta or Hill Kurubas, and the Jénu or honey-collecting Kurubas, of whom the latter are of a very low type of humanity. The Betta Kurubas earn a livelihood by felling trees, and are much employed by the forest officers. Having means of obtaining a regular livelihood, they have fixed habitations, called 'hádis,' and,

although totally uneducated, and having no religion except the reverence paid by them to the demons of the woods, they are less savage than might be expected under the circumstances. They are small in stature, like most wild tribes, but have tolerably well-formed countenances. They will eat or drink almost anything, save beef.

The Jénu Kurubas are very unprepossessing in appearance, particularly the women, their heads being covered with a dense tangled mass of hair, which gives them a wild and brutish aspect. Their occupation is collecting forest produce, especially honey, which they extract in great quantities by putting torches at night-time underneath the combs, which are attached to the trees. They climb up an adjacent tree, from which, by aid of a pole, they manage to draw themselves across to the tree where the bees are, when the insects are easily smoked.

Both these tribes may be placed in the same category at the Sóligas of the Bilirangam Hills, but whereas the former use only bamboos and boughs for the construction of their dwellings, the Sóligas build their huts of mud and grass, owing to the comparatively cold climate in which they live. The Sóligas and Jénu Kurubas are very shy, but are supposed to practise magical arts. The former are good sportsmen and excellent trackers of game.

On the eastern side of the Mysore district is Yelandur, a jágír yielding 4,500*l.* a year, held by the descendants of the celebrated minister Purnia, who, during the late Maharaja's minority, conducted the

administration of the province with signal success, in recognition of which service the estate was given to him under the guarantee of the British Government. It is the most fertile tract in Mysore, having first-class tanks, under which are rich gardens of cocoa-nut, betel and pan leaf, besides abundant crops of mulberry and red rice. The jágír has been declared to be indivisible, and as the present proprietor, Krishna Murti, has received an excellent education, he will not only be the foremost of the Raja's subjects, but may fairly aspire to hold the post formerly occupied by his distinguished ancestor.

HÁSAN.

The Hásan district has an area of 1,697 square miles, a population of 592,000, and a revenue of 126,000*l.* Though small in extent, it is better known to Englishmen than any other portion of the province, as the western side of the district is occupied by numerous coffee planters, who have converted a wild and hilly region of jungle into a smiling garden, studded all over with evidence of their industry. With the exception of the three sub-divisions, forming this particular portion of the district, its general features correspond with those of the Mysore and Toomkoor districts, on which it abuts to the south and east.

In ancient days all this part of the Mysore province was ruled over by the kings of the Belál or Haisal race, whose era is said to date from the year 714, this being the earliest epoch which can be traced with any ap-

proach to accuracy. They were of the Jain faith, and have left many vestiges of their power and piety. Their capital was for some time at Dwárasamudram, now called Halébidú or Halibede, where a magnificent temple still attests their glory and the skill of their architects. Some of the Jains appear to have come from upper India, but the Belál kings are said to have been natives of the soil, and were probably the representatives of those who still clung to the Buddhistic faith, after its suppression by the Brahmans.

Horrible stories are told of the atrocities committed by the latter in extinguishing the rival beliefs, it being alleged that many Buddhists were brayed alive in large mortars, and tortured in various ways. It is, at any rate, certain that an intense hatred of the Brahmans still prevails in the minds of all Jains, which is the more striking, owing to the gentle and peaceful creed which they profess, the destruction of animal life in any shape being hateful to them. But in the remote places in the hills, to which the persecution of the Brahmans has driven them, and where they are still found exercising influence and cultivating large demesnes, it is their practice to go out into the woods and curse the Brahmans with all their heart and soul.[1]

In most parts of India, the Jains are a trading community, and, being energetic and opulent, they have extensive commercial connections. They have fine temples on Mount Tilla, called Jógi Tilla, in the Punjáb; at Benares; at Párasnáth, in Bengal; on

[1] Orthodox Hindus, on the other hand, aver that to encounter a Jain is worse than to meet a mad elephant, or than to rush into a house on fire.

Mount Abu, in Rájputána; at Palitána, in Guzerát; and many other places; but perhaps none of these is so remarkable as the shrine of Srávan Belgúl, in the Hásan district.

This temple is on the summit of one of the superb granite mountains for which Mysore is remarkable, known by the name of Chandrabetta, or the Mountain of the Moon. It is difficult of ascent, owing to the slippery nature of the rock, but is of no great height. At intervals on the glassy surface are small gateways, which devotees pass under, on their way to the temple at the top, which is reached by several flights of steps near the summit. In the centre of the enclosure forming the sacred precincts, towers up a colossal statue of Gomatéshwara, one of the incarnations of the Jain deity. It is 57 feet high, and faces the north, so that it is visible for many miles around. It was seemingly cut out of some rock which projected high above the general level of the hill, or the hill itself may have been cut away, as in the case of the famous Kailás temple at Ellora. The face has that serene and quiescent look which characterises most Buddhistical statues, and is not devoid of a certain amount of dignity, but the ears are long pendent flaps, and the hair is curled spirally over the head, which detracts considerably from the grace of the god's aspect. The shoulders are immensely broad, and the arms, which hang down the sides of the figure with the thumbs turned outwards, are rather too large and long. The proportions are generally good, however, as far as the thighs, but below this the statue dwarfs suddenly,

and the legs, particularly from the knee to the foot, are contracted to about half their proper length. As the god, like other Jain deities, is represented as standing erect, this circumstance deprives the figure of much of its power, but it is nevertheless a majestic work of art. It is probable that in order to preserve the proper proportions throughout, it would have been necessary to cut away an enormous additional quantity of rock, which would have been difficult and expensive.

A symbolical tree issues from between the legs, whence it branches off right and left, with leaves on either side of it, and, twining over the thighs, disappears at the hips of the figure, being, however, again seen winding in a double fold over the arms, where it terminates in a curl, below which are bunches, apparently meant for fruit. The statue is in *puris naturalibus*, but the feet stand on a carved resting-place, fashioned somewhat in the shape of a sandal, but quite flat. On either side of the statue are blocks of stone, over which also creep trees similar to that which issues from between the legs, while there are four inscriptions of a few lines each at the base of the stones. A platform was specially erected to ascertain the exact height of the statue, which was found to be 57 feet, and not 70 feet, as generally supposed.

Within the enclosure ornamented by this grand figure, are seventy-two smaller statues, ranged at intervals in compartments on three sides of the square. These represent the various personifications of the Jain deity, which are twenty-four in number, and there is therefore much repetition among them, nor do the

figures, which are almost all in an erect attitude, differ greatly from one another, except that each of the twenty-four personifications has its own váhana, or vehicle, on which it stands. The great statue was erected in the time of the Belál kings, and, it is said, by Jakanáchári, but this is mere surmise, and it is probably anterior to this period; Colonel Mackenzie assigns as early a date to it as 1121.

Adjoining Chandrabetta, is another craggy hill called Indrabetta, where are some pretty temples and a picturesque pillar. The high priest of the Jains resides at Srávan Belgúl, but though reported to be learned, he is not a celibate, and is therefore not much respected by his flock. The town is noted for its brass vessels of all kinds, which are manufactured in thousands, and sent to all parts of the country.

Halibede, or Dwárasamudram, must in former times have been a town of considerable size and importance, for although the Musalmán invaders did their work well, and destroyed ruthlessly whatever offended their iconoclastic eyes, enough still remains to testify to the glories of the past. The country around is fertile, sugar-cane being grown to a great extent in the black soil, as well as til, kusumba, and garden produce, there being a good supply of water in the large tank called Kákánaddi. Dwárásamudram was also called Dwárkáwatipatan, but the origin of both words is unknown, although the former might perhaps indicate an approach to the sea-coast by the old Kudadukal pass, under the Belálraidrug hill.

The town was founded in the twelfth century, and

for 200 years was the capital of the Belál kings, till the subversion of their power by Káfúr, the Musalmán general, in the fourteenth century. It was of great extent, and is said to have contained 725 Bastis, the name given to enclosed Jain temples, of which only a few still exist. The oldest of these is called Ádináthéshwar, or the primæval lord, a small and simple building, at the left entrance of which is a stone tablet, with the date 1197 of the Salivahan era on it (1265 A.D.) The second, Sántéshwar, or the lord of tranquillity, is somewhat larger and more ornamented, but is still a plain structure. The third, Párásnáthéshwar, one of the principal incarnations of the Jain deity, is a large building, the pillars being of a fine black hornblende, which, when moistened, is of a dark-green color. This stone is found in the Karikal quarries in the Toomkoor district, but the main portion of the temple is built of Balapam, or potstone, found in an adjacent hill, called Pushpagiri, or flower-hill. The temple is richly decorated outside with carvings of Jain deities, and inside is a large statue of black stone, standing erect with the arms at its sides, and having that air of tranquillity and dignity which characterises the great figure at Srávan Belgúl. There is a remarkably fine shásana at the entrance of this temple. These three are the only genuine Jain temples now standing, and the priests are in very indigent circumstances, there being but few Jain families now in the place.

The great Saiva temple of Halibede, called Haisaléshwara, was built, it is said, in the reign of Vishnu

Vardhana, the tenth king of the Belál race, who was persuaded by a favourite mistress to desert the faith of his ancestors, and to adopt the tenets of the followers of Vishnu. The architect was a Brahman, named Jakanáchári, whose celebrity is attested by the numerous temples in the country of which the origin is attributed to him. The Haisaléshwara temple, though much injured by time, is undoubtedly a striking work of art, and the graceful execution of the carvings on the exterior is probably unrivalled in India. The decorations are in layers, the bottom one representing elephants, the second mythical lions, above which are delicate scrolls, then men on horseback, above these another fringe of scrolls, then scenes from the wars of the Mahábhárat, and the story of the Rámáyana. There are eight or ten such layers within a height of eight feet, the number not being uniform throughout, though their general character is the same. Above these are figures of various deities, under beautifully carved canopies, standing on a basement of finely wrought scrolls. Many of the mimic scenes on the layers are gracefully designed, and the scrolls are singularly rich and elegant. In the projecting portions of the building outside the roof is supported by square-cut pillars, which are not remarkable, but, in the recesses, a finely chiselled fretwork is to be seen, intersected at intervals by handsome black pillars of hornblende of striking design. There are two shrines inside the building, and several smaller altars, the roof being supported by well-wrought pillars of the same fashion. Outside the temple, and facing it, are two structures called manta-

pams, in which recline bulls of great size, one of hornblende, the other of potstone. There are several stone tablets let into the wall of the temple, but they are not of special interest. A considerable sum of money has of late years been spent in restoring this interesting relic, but the great size of the stones presents difficulties, while it is impossible to reproduce the delicate carvings where they have been wantonly injured by Musalmáns or mischievous boys.

At Jámgal, eight miles distant, in the Kadúr district, is another temple of the same character, but it is of small size and is much worn. So great is the celebrity of the Halibede carvings, that, at the present time, they form the model on which all the workers in sandal-wood fashion the choice designs so often met with, and the name of Jakanáchári is justly famed throughout the province. Of the Aramané, or palace of the old Jain kings, scarcely any traces are to be seen, and excavations have not proved successful; but there are still, on the western side of the town, remains of the wall and ditch which protected it, testifying, by the great size of the stones forming the fortifications, to the importance of the place.

At Bélúr, ten miles east of Halibede, is another temple of singular beauty, dedicated to Késhava or Vishnu. It is entered by a magnificent gateway of great height, near which is a fine quadrangular building, in which is deposited the gigantic car which is used for carrying about the idol at the periodical processions. The temple is of considerable height, and is topped by a large canopy in the shape of an umbrella.

The southern side of the building is of especial beauty, there being some exquisitely-carved shrines on either side of the steps leading to the temple, which is erected on a stone platform five feet above the ground. The general character of the carvings approximates to those on the Halibede building, but the walls are more ornate, and there are several smaller temples in the enclosure which surrounds the main building. An excellent idea of these striking works of art can be obtained from the photographs taken of them by order of the Madras and Mysore Governments.[1] The architect is said to have been Jakanáchári, who built the Halibede temple.

At Nágamangalam, on the eastern side of the district, is another temple of great size, but not otherwise remarkable, also said to have been planned by this famous builder, to whom is assigned the construction of all the most elegant remains of Hindu taste and magnificence to be found in Mysore.

One of the most frequented places of pilgrimage in this part of Mysore is Mélkóté, said to be called Yadugiri in the old Purānas, which assign to it a great antiquity. It is one of the places where Vaishnava Brahmans congregate in great numbers, and constant disputes about precedence arise between them, the Rajas Guru, Parakála Swámi, having vainly tried to assert his pre-eminence, which is strenuously resisted by the other priests. The temples are richly endowed by the Raja, but are not architecturally beautiful,

[1] See notes on photographs taken by Captain Lyon, edited by J. Fergusson, F.R.S. Marion & Co., Soho Square, 1870, pages 72–83.

though the southern gateway of the town, called Rai Gópál Bágalu, is fine. The country around is interesting to the geologist, the formation being sienitic quartz, in which is found talc and the gopichandana white clay, which is used for making sectarian marks on the forehead.

To the north of the district, near Arsikere, is the Tirupati hill, known in the Sthal Puránа, or local legend, by the name of Amaragiri, or immortal hill, an appellation given to it by an ancient Muni, who, for some fanciful reason, considered it to be the finest hill between the rivers Krishna and Kávéri. It is ascended by a painful flight of steps, said to be 1,700 in number, it being a religious duty on the part of pilgrims to crack a cocoa-nut on each step. The temple on the summit is dedicated to Janárdan, but is not remarkable, though the hill commands a fine view of the country around. It is the extremity of a range running nearly due north to the frontier of the province. The term Tirupati, or the sacred lord, is applied to Vishnu, who is however generally worshipped in Mysore under the designation of Venkata, and hence this name is constantly met with among the people of the country, as, for instance, Venkatiengár, Venkata Ramana, and other combinations. Of late years, educated natives are prone to bestow long, high-sounding names on their children, generally, however, selecting the appellation of their favourite house-deity, but in former times names were more simple, the higher classes rejoicing in such appellations as Narsappa, Subayyá (appa and ayyá being respectful salutations similar to our word

'sir'), while more unsophisticated agriculturists contented themselves with still shorter names, such as Bomma, Timma, Bhaira, and so forth.

In the Hásan district is found a considerable congregation of native Christians. In the town of Ganjám, near Seringapatam, they are numerous, but belong chiefly to the trading community. At Bangalore and Mysore, they are mostly Tamil employés, menial servants, or soldiers. In the Mysore infantry, called the Bár, from a Kanarese word signifying a line of troops, there are many Christian soldiers, known by the name of Álémán; and in the time of Tippu Sultán there was a whole battalion of them, under an officer named Surappa (Xavier), who, on one occasion, when the tyrant meditated the destruction of the Christian church at Seringapatam, called his fellow believers to arms, and defied his master. In the Hásan district, however, the native Christians are mostly agriculturists, entire villages being found whose ancestors were converted several generations ago.

The Catholic mission in Mysore dates from the time of the Jesuits, who had several stations in the province, nearly all of which were however swept away during the persecutions of Tippu. It is not known whether the Apostle of the East, St. Francis Xavier, ever visited Mysore, though at Mangalore, close by on the western coast, are to be found the descendants of Brahmanical and other families converted by him. John de Britto, who was martyred on the eastern coast, did cross the Ghâts, though it is uncertain whether he entered the Mysore province, owing to the few details given in his

letters. During the Portuguese ascendancy, many of their clergy laboured in Mysore, and near the river Kávéri are to be seen the remains of a chapel within an enclosure marked by four stones, on which are inscriptions dated 1704, granting the land to the 'Sanyásis of Rome.' At Heggadévankotta, near the Kabbani, a chapel was also built, but the priest was killed, it is said, by the villagers.

No church, however, worthy of the name appears to have been built till the Abbé Dubois, of the Missions Etrangères, commenced the erection of one at Mysore, and another at Sathalli, in the Hásan district. This zealous missionary resided for a quarter of a century in the province, and was intimately acquainted with the habits of the people of Southern India, of whom he has left an interesting account. Since his time, the Sathalli church has been much enlarged and embellished, and is a fine building with a nave and aisles. A convent is attached to it, where native nuns teach young girls reading, writing, and sewing. The priests have also established a dispensary, from which they supply medicine, not only to their own flock, but to all comers, gratis, and they are consequently frequently applied to. There are twelve villages in the neighbourhood almost entirely inhabited by Christians, numbering, it is said, 1,000 souls, and it is a strange sight in a heathen land to see them trooping to mass on a Sunday at the sound of the church-going bell. Their simple devotion is touching, and though their general education is imperfect, they are well instructed in the tenets of their faith, and are good members of society. Of

late years, many Kanarese religious books have been printed at Bangalore and circulated among them.

The majority of the congregation are what is called caste Christians, that is to say, while following the Christian belief in all matters touching their faith and morals, they preserve their ancient social customs in everything which does not trench upon religion, and in respect to degrees of relationship in marriages, and to succession to property, have the same rules as their neighbours of the same caste who are not Christians.

The system of caste is in many points, doubtless, objectionable, and it is somewhat difficult to say where religion begins and social observances end, but the fact remains that those native Christians who have preserved their caste are more moral, and better servants of Government than those who have shaken off the trammels. It is a mortifying admission to make perhaps, but it is undoubtedly true. In the Mysore service, there are several caste Christians, holding high positions, whose character is irreproachable. It may be added that the greater strictness with which they, in common with Hindus of the same caste, adhere to ancient practice in regard to consanguinity, probably tends to preserve purity of blood, although it has a disadvantageous effect in debarring them from raising themselves in the social scale, except so far as government service is concerned. Throwing open the doors of government employment to all comers has not, however, in the opinion of many persons well qualified to judge, produced a higher standard of ability, and men of the best

caste are, as a rule, superior to those below them in social status.

The tenacity with which the native Christians cling to their ancient usages induced the Catholic missionaries, at an early period, to concede to their converts the privilege of preserving all their customs appertaining to marriage ceremonies and the division of property, but in the delicate questions which frequently arose on these subjects, the Christians readily submitted to the arbitrament of their clergy, so that disputes rarely came into court. The native Christian congregation under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Missions Etrangères numbers in Mysore nearly 20,000 souls, comprising influential merchants, tradesmen, agriculturists, shepherds, and artisans, besides servants of Government, soldiers, camp followers, and menial attendants.

The various congregations following the Protestant faith number possibly 2,000 souls under all denominations.

The Wesleyan Mission commenced its operations in 1822, among the Tamil people of Bangalore, and subsequently occupied seven or eight other stations among the Kanarese-speaking population of the interior. The London Mission commenced work in 1820, and is chiefly employed in Bangalore, where they have an excellent school for native girls. Both missions have turned their attention to the literature of the country to good purpose. The Catholic Missions have not hitherto succeeded in imparting a first-class secular education in their schools, but the Wesleyan and Lon-

don Missions have made great efforts in this direction. To the Wesleyans is due the credit of having trained up many of the highest native employés in the province, and the London Mission Schools have, of late years, attained a high standard. The Wesleyans have an excellent press, and print yearly a large number of Kanarese books, both secular and religious, the type being excellent. The Catholic Mission has adopted types, of which the matrices were cut in Paris, but, though clearly incised, they are somewhat too thin to please the eye.

All the missions, now-a-days, appear to devote their efforts principally to printing and circulating books and pamphlets, mainly, of course, of a religious character. These have no doubt the effect of leavening the native mind, and possibly of preparing it for the future reception of the truth, but the immediate effect is scarcely perceptible, and conversions are very few in number. All that even the Catholic Missions can do at present is to preserve what their predecessors won. Natives do not, indeed, object to read the Bible in schools as a class-book, but it leaves no permanent effect apparently, and is regarded by them like any other book in the curriculum. The circumstance that both Protestant and Catholic Missions are in the field, teaching doctrines in many respects opposed to one another, has a prejudicial effect upon the native mind, and until the time comes when a considerable number of the higher classes in India lead the way in adopting Christianity, it is highly improbable that any general movement in this direction will take place. The

present state of things is by no means encouraging, notwithstanding what may be asserted in annual reports; indeed, it is thought by many that the distrust shown by natives has increased rather than diminished.

The native Christians are generally looked down upon by the rest of the community, and especially by the Brahmans, who naturally inculcate the highest reverence for their own priestly order, and contemn and despise all beneath them in caste. It is seldom, however, that any acts of open violence are perpetrated, though occasionally such have been committed from superstitious motives, and the following singular instance was brought to light some years ago.

The belief in the efficacy of human sacrifices still lingers in the native mind, and occasionally shows itself in absurd accusations against Christians, to the effect that children are immolated on the threshold of newly-built churches, but the practice is not unknown among the Hindus themselves. In the Hásan district, there was a tank, the embankment of which had been breached unfortunately three or four years in succession. At one end of this embankment was a Christian village, called Gádanhalli, and at the other, a heathen village, called Mallagudda. The head-men of the latter, being greatly discouraged at the repeated injuries to the tank, conceived an idea that, in order to give the embankment stability for the future, an animal sacrifice was necessary, and superstition added that the immolation of a human victim would effectually propitiate the deity. The villagers accordingly clubbed together and

bribed, for the sum of 2*l*., a man named Honna to execute the deed. This individual, having proceeded to an adjoining pagoda, in company with other persons, and consulted omens of success, immediately set about the work. In the evening of the day there was in the Christian village of Gádanhalli one of those processions in which the natives of India rejoice, and which seem indispensable to their happiness, whatever faith they may follow. A poor widow had an only son, a boy of six or seven, who, attracted by the spectacle, went to join in the amusement. He never returned, and the next morning his body was found floating in the tank, directly opposite the place where the embankment had been last breached. The whole affair was hushed up, and it was reported that the boy had been accidentally drowned, but with some difficulty a clue was found, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the chief local government officer, a Brahman named Srinivás Ayengár, who was a relation of the accountant of the village (the principal instigator of the tragedy), to screen the criminals, the murder came out. Honna showed the place in the tank where he had thrown the boy's blanket and handkerchief, and in the accounts of the repair of the tank an entry was found of the sum paid to him for committing the foul deed. The accomplices in the murder were brought to trial, and, in spite of sundry efforts made to effect their release, were duly punished.

The malnád (from 'malé,' a hill, and 'náḍ,' a division of country), or hilly portion of the Hásan district, comprises the whole of the Manjarábád sub-division, and a

portion of those of Bélúr and Maháráj drug, and is a tract full of interest. The general level is about 3,000 feet above the sea, but, though a hill country, it is in reality a depression between the stupendous ghát range of the Kadoor district on the north, and the superb mountains of Coorg on the south, which close it in with seemingly impassable barriers. Its ancient name was Balam, from the Sanskrit 'Bala,' or strength, and it was certainly a strong country, being bounded on the east, first by the river Yagachi, and secondly by the Hémávati (the latter of which is a stream of considerable size), while on the west the only approaches to it were by almost inaccessible passes, the chief of which is called Bisalé. The whole country, being covered by dense forests on its western face, is frequently enveloped in fog, and being thus obscured, when visited by Tippu Sultán, he gave the spot whence he surveyed the region, and where he subsequently built a fort, the name of Manjarábád, or 'the abode of mist,' from 'Manju,' a Kanarese word signifying mist, and 'ábád,' Persian for an abode or dwelling. The hill on which stands the fort that has given its modern name to the country, is 3,400 feet above the sea, and is lower than many other prominent peaks, one of which, Jénkal, is more than 4,000 feet.

Although, as one approaches the frontier between Manjarábád and South Canara, the scenery is strikingly wild, owing to the thick forests which cover the great Ghát ranges, the interior of the country to the south is comparatively open—beautiful clumps of noble trees and grassy hill-sides giving it the appearance of an

English park. In fact, in some places, the observer can scarcely resist the conclusion that art, and not nature, has been at work in laying out this attractive region in the most picturesque way possible. The people take great pride in preserving the sacred groves that surround their favourite temples, showing, in this respect, a feeling akin to that of the Coorgs, who devote to the worship of their special deity Ayappa, or Pan, some of the finest forests in their province. There is little connection, however, between the people of Manjarábád on the one side and the Coorgs on the other; or between the former and the men of the Nagar division—arising, no doubt, from the difficulty of communication in so hilly a region.

Such intercourse as there was with outsiders was carried on by means of the old passes, which, though rugged and dangerous, were traversed by traders, whose pack-bullocks managed with considerable risk to climb these mountain paths, laden with grain and cloths. There was also a thoroughfare for pilgrims proceeding to the famous shrine of Subhramani, below the Ghâts, whither thousands of worshippers, desirous of paying their respects to the snake deity, resorted every year, by way of the Bisalé Ghát. This pass leads down to the low country underneath the precipitous sides of the magnificent Kumár Parvat, or Pushpagiri, in Coorg, and the gradients being one in ten feet, or even one in five, and the narrow way being frequently blocked up by immense boulders and the shattered fragments of ancient steps, the communication is well nigh impracticable.

When Manjarabád became the head-quarters of the

Mysore coffee-planters, attention was naturally directed to the old passes, which offered the only access to the coast, but, as it was found that it would be a waste of time and money to maintain paths which, with such severe gradients, could never be made practicable for cart traffic, it was wisely resolved to seek for more easy descents from the Mysore table-land. Accordingly, two roads have been opened—one, the Manjarábád Ghát, par excellence, in the centre of the sub-division; and the other the Kodékal, or Búnd Ghát, which traverses the northern side of the country. Both these roads have been fairly laid out, and are available for carts, the gradients being easy; but they are liable to be much injured by heavy floods in the monsoon, and their maintenance in proper order is always a matter of anxious consideration. The southern part of the sub-division is still inadequately supplied with communications to the coast, although the Bisalé route is still used by native traders, who are satisfied with the old mode of conveyance by bullocks.

It may be remarked that, although the trade with the coast in miscellaneous articles, such as grain, cloth, fish, and salt, must always be maintained, it is probable that, on the completion of the contemplated railway through Mysore, the course of the coffee trade will be diverted, and that the produce which is now sent for shipment to places in Canara, on the western coast, will be transmitted by rail to Madras, or even to Bombay.

In the Kempu Holé, or Red River, at the foot of the Manjarábád Ghát, garnets are found in great num-

bers, but they are not sufficiently valuable to become an article of commerce.

The Manjarábád country appears in ancient time to have been an appanage of the Belál Rajas of Halibede, but was an unimportant jungle tract. During the ascendancy of the Vijayanagar princes, some of whom exhibited much energy and enterprise in improving their dominions, attempts were made to reclaim the wild region of Balam; and the leading people of the country claim a descent from the first emigrants who, with little difficulty, overthrew the aborigines, now represented by the agrestic hinds who work on the farms of the lords of the soil. For many ages, and indeed till within the last forty years, the lower castes of Manjarábád were simply slaves living on the estates of the Patéls, or head-men, who clothed and fed them and their families, and regarded them as part of their property. They were generally treated with kindness, and received presents on marriage ceremonies and other festivals, but their bondage was a recognised fact; so much so that they could be legally sold, with or without the estate to which they were attached. Their transfer in this way was, however, of rare occurrence, but, since their manumission, many have left the homes of their masters and entered the service of coffee planters, who pay them double the hire formerly received by them. To the Patéls this is a sore grievance, and it is very difficult to persuade them of the justice of the course prescribed by Government, they being deaf to all suggestions that they have an easy remedy in their hands by doubling the wages of these unfortunate outcasts.

The Patéls are locally of great importance, and the 'Shimé Gauda,' or Lord Lieutenant of the county, holds a large estate, receives sundry emoluments in the shape of land and fees, and is treated with much respect by the whole hill-side. All the Patéls exercise considerable influence within their own villages, and formerly possessed feudal authority, which, under the Jagannath of civilisation, and codes of equal justice to all, has sensibly diminished. In their own homes, which are often strongly fortified, and surrounded by a deep fosse, they still, however, maintain a patriarchal authority, each farm being complete in itself, and, in respect to the requirements of daily life, independent of its neighbours. Cloths, blankets, household utensils, and such other articles as cannot be made up or manufactured in the house, are readily procured at the periodical Santés, or fairs, which are held in different parts of the country.

In the absence of the despotic authority formerly wielded by them, the Patéls cling fondly to the use of the insignia granted to them by the Vijayanagar kings, and value them as much as Europeans do titles, orders, and crosses. One of the Patéls enjoys the following:— 1. A green umbrella borne by an attendant over his head. 2. A swinging sword. 3. A cloth for fanning him in the heat. 4. A caparisoned horse. 5. A Yák fan. 6. A palankeen. 7. A conical cloth on a pole, to keep off the sun. Other chiefs have spears, torches at day-time, Karané horns, drums, lances, silver sticks, &c. Of all these marks of rank the Karané horn is the most curious, it being five feet long, and so heavy that a man

can barely raise it at intervals, to bellow forth a thundering blast, when he is forced to drop it again. The use of a curved horn, called a kombu, is common in Mysore. It is carried by a man, whose special duty it is to accompany the Amildár, or officer of the sub-division, when the latter leaves his head-quarters; and when he approaches a village, the hornman sounds a not unmusical blast, winding up with a high note, which has the effect of producing the immediate presence of all the villagers to pay their respects to the Amildár. The Karané is a giant among horns, and is straight. It is rarely met with except in the hill portions of Mysore, or as an appanage of some of the principal temples, which, in the shape of fiddlers, singing and dancing women, and heathenish musical instruments, turn out a deputation to meet distinguished visitors which would astonish Exeter Hall.

Foremost among the chiefs of the country was the Aigúr Pálegár, to whose ancestor, Lingappa Naik, one of the Vijayanaga Rajas—either Bukka Ráya or Harihara Ráya—is said to have granted as a fief, in 1397, not only Manjárábád or Balam, but several other sub-divisions in the plain country, yielding a revenue altogether of between 70,000*l.* and 80,000*l.* It is not known what tribute was fixed as payable to the Vijayanagar kingdom, but it is probable that the Pálegár, and the Patéls under his jurisdiction, yielded only a nominal allegiance to that State, and exercised uncontrolled authority in their own country.

On the dismemberment of the Vijayanagar dominions, and the rise to power of the Mysore Rajas, the

Balam country became a bone of contention between these chiefs and the Naiks of Ikkéri, a territory in the Shimoga district, whose founders also derived their authority from Vijayanagar. The latter, during the rule of Sivappa Naik, a chief of considerable repute, appear to have subjugated all the hill country between the present Bombay frontier and Coorg; but their sway was evanescent, and the Aigúr Pálegár only paid an occasional tribute to them. Nor did the Mysore State exercise any well-defined authority over Balam till the time of Haidar Ali, who not only subverted the Ikkéri or Bednór dynasty, but annexed Balam permanently to his own dominions. The Pálegárs were, however, refractory, both Krishnappa Naik and his son Venkatádri Naik giving much trouble to Tippu Sultán, while even after the fall of Seringapatam, the latter endeavoured to evade submission to the Mysore Raja, asserting his independence. There was no question, however, that Balam was by conquest an integral part of Mysore, so British troops were despatched against the Pálegár, who, after more than one disastrous check to the English force, was defeated by Colonel Wellesley, taken prisoner, and hanged by orders of the Minister.

The head of the family, the descendant of this Pálegár, is a political detenu, but has still considerable local influence. Attempts have been made to induce the Pálegárs who lost their patrimonial possessions in the time of the Musalmán rulers of Mysore, and who now receive miserable pittances from the State, to take up tracts of waste land for cultivation on favorable terms of rent, but they are generally both proud and indolent,

and the measure has met with but partial success. Whenever they are permitted to dwell for a time in the country where their forefathers ruled, they have little difficulty in extorting contributions from the heads of villages, but their prolonged residence proves embarrassing to the people, and it is not without inconvenience to the Government.

Manjarábád is divided locally into six náds, each of which has its own Patél. Every nád is divided into a certain number of mandés, there being thirty-six in all, each, also, having a Patél, while below these again are the head-men of single villages. The nád Patéls are also the head-men of the mandés, or group of villages in which they reside, and have much local weight and importance. In fact, the whole system is purely feudal, and is well suited to a difficult country covered with hills and forest, for, the population being limited and widely scattered, and the natives living on detached farms, and not in villages, it is impossible to carry out any orders of Government without the ready co-operation of the leading men, who, for their service, have small rent-free holdings, called 'umbli.'

Three of the nád Patéls are by caste Lingáyats, who follow the teaching of priests called Jangamas—men of little repute for learning—while the other three Patéls are of the Halé Wokkaligaru, or ancient farmer-caste, a term which seems peculiar to the hill country. Their slaves were styled Halé Makkalu, or ancient children, and are also called Holiaru. There is not so much difference in dress between them and their masters as between the Coorgs and their hinds, a black blanket

wrapped tightly round the loins, and thrown over the shoulder, being common to all; but those worn by the head-men are of finer material, while they use waist-cloths and turbans, white or colored. Matchlocks and wood knives are carried by all classes.

Though not, perhaps, so gallant a race as the Coorgs, the head-men are fine fellows, and infinitely superior to their neighbours in the plains. They are, however, very superstitious, and it is said that the immolation of human victims was, in past years, not unknown to them.

Rice is the principal crop grown in the country, the numerous streams that rise in the forest-clad hills affording an abundant supply of water, so that artificial irrigation, whether from tanks or wells, is in consequence seldom resorted to. Of the crops grown in unirrigated land in the adjoining plain districts, few are raised, but, if produced, they are free from extra assessment.

A good deal of grain is sent out of the country in bags made of the bark of a tree called 'gaja mara,' or elephant tree. The trunk is steeped in water, after which the bark is removed entire by threshing it, in which state it is not unlike the leg of an elephant.

Beautiful as it is to the eye, Manjarábád would be an insignificant tract, were it not for the importance which it has derived within the last generation from the production of coffee, which has entirely changed the face of the country, and made its name known in the markets of Europe. The dense jungles which only produced cardamoms, lac, pepper, and other forest produce, have

everywhere disappeared under the axe of the planter, smiling gardens taking their place.

The introduction of the coffee plant into Mysore is assigned, with every appearance of truth, to a Musalmán ascetic, who resided on the summit of the magnificent mountain in the Kadoor district, called in ancient time Chandradróna, but more recently Bábá Búdan, after the individual referred to. He is said to have brought the tree from Mecca, whither he had gone on a pilgrimage, and to have planted it in the vicinity of his home, whence its cultivation gradually spread, though only to a limited extent, to the adjoining hills. For many years the Mysore State rented out the produce to a Madras firm, and a long time elapsed before European enterprise conceived the idea of expending capital, and forming regular plantations.

About twenty-five years ago, a successful attempt to grow coffee was made in Wastára, not far from the Bábá Búdan hill, by Mr. Cannon, who gradually extended his operations, and is said to have realised a large fortune. His example was soon followed by others, and as Manjarábád, having fine forests and a good climate, appeared well suited for planting operations, a great many European gentlemen settled there, and obtained grants of lands for coffee cultivation. The produce at first paid one rupee per maund of 28 pounds, which rate was eventually reduced to one quarter, or sixpence, that is, the excise duty is now two shillings per hundredweight. As the selling price of a maund (28 pounds) of coffee in the country is about ten shillings, the government duty falls at 5 per

cent. on the out-turn, a demand which may be said to be moderate, especially as an allowance is made for the husks on weighing the coffee.

It was at one time contemplated to substitute an acreage for the present excise duty, on the ground that the latter system operated repressively on the extension of cultivation, and that it was a tax upon industry. Primâ facie, it did seem hard that, if a planter expended large sums and brought his coffee gardens to the highest state of cultivation, he should be taxed according to the amount of his produce, while native proprietors, who cultivated their holdings in a slovenly and imperfect manner, escaped with an easy payment, but, on closely examining the subject, it was found to be impracticable to comply with the wishes of the European planters. In the adjoining province of Coorg, an acreage has been substituted for the previous excise, on the following terms, namely, that for the first four years no rent be charged, that from the fifth to the ninth year two shillings an acre be paid on the whole area of an estate, after deducting grass land, and that after the ninth year the payment be four shillings. It was supposed that the limitation of the demand, and the greater security given by title-deeds issued on behalf of the Secretary of State, would greatly improve the position of the planter, and add considerably to the value of the estate.

In Mysore, however, there were various reasons which made this course unadvisable. In the first place, as the province was administered in trust on account of the Maharaja, it was not in the power of

the English officials to give permanent title-deeds, and the grants for coffee-planting are, therefore, necessarily of a temporary nature, although the British Government has expressed an opinion that the engagements will be binding on any future ruler of Mysore. The grants, called puttahs, are however as complete as circumstances will admit. They are signed by the chief official of the province, and are duly numbered and registered, and guarantee the continuance of the grant so long as a prescribed number of coffee trees per acre are planted, and the regulated excise is paid. The area and boundaries are also specified with a fair amount of accuracy, in the absence of a scientific survey. Any transfers made by the original grant-holder can be registered in the local registry offices, and there is, therefore, little essential difference between the validity of the grants and those issued in Coorg.

The second obstacle to fixing an acreage was the extreme difficulty of carrying out a regular survey of coffee holdings. When it is considered that the plant is grown among forests, in a rugged hill country, within ill-defined areas, that the holdings of native proprietors are frequently very small and only occasionally cultivated, and that sometimes only a few hundred trees are planted, or, rather, scattered about, in the heart of dense jungles, it will be apparent what a length of time would elapse, and what a heavy expense would be entailed, before a scientific survey could be effected. Further, it is obvious that the entire work could not possibly have been carried out

in one season, so that the imposition of an acreage in some cases and of an excise in others, would have produced much embarrassment and dissatisfaction.

Lastly, to the majority of the native planters an excise is preferable to an acreage. They have little desire to sell their holdings, and rarely bring them into the market, either for sale or mortgage, while an excise duty, which adapts itself to good or bad seasons, and the consequent outturn of the crop, does not press so heavily upon them as an unalterable land-tax, which is collected rigidly at the same rate under all circumstances. Of the whole excise now paid in Mysore, about nine-tenths are paid in the Kadoor and Shimoga districts, and about three-fourths in the Hásan district by natives, so that, on a consideration of the general question, it was necessary to guard carefully their interests before effecting any change.

The produce of a European estate may be estimated at from 140 to 280 lbs. per cultivated acre, or, say, 210 lbs. as an average, whereas on that of a native holder, who is unwilling to lay out large sums in improving his estate, it is rarely more than 42 lbs. The former, therefore, pays on 210 lbs., at sixpence per maund of 28 lbs., 3*s.* 9*d.* per acre, or about what the highest acreage in Coorg reaches on the whole cultivation, whereas the native, under the excise system, on his produce of 42 lbs. per acre, pays only 9*d.*; so that a heavy acreage would have a most disadvantageous effect. Indeed, as the native planters in Hásan contribute yearly to the excise about 2,300*l.* and the European planters only 600*l.*, an acreage would pro-

bably have proved detrimental, both to the government revenue and to native industry. The above figures may not be strictly accurate, but they are sufficiently near the mark to illustrate the subject.

It does not appear practicable to reduce the excise, which, as above observed, falls only at the rate of 5 per cent. on the crop, while the Hásan planters are probably better off than their neighbours in Coorg and the Wainád, as their felling and clearing expenses have been smaller, labor is cheaper, and the succession of bad seasons has affected them somewhat less than those who pay an acreage. At the same time, the great stimulus given to the coffee trade in other countries has acted prejudicially to their interests, eagerness to make a fortune has led to much inferior land being occupied, and, above all, the ravages of the insect called the borer have dismayed many a stout heart and able head among them. Owing to the drought which prevailed for several years, the borer beetles, as well as destructive species of moths in the grub state, made their appearance, chiefly in the plantations situated farthest away from the ghâts, where the climate is drier than in the estates to the west, and did incalculable damage. It was found that large sums had been thrown away in felling the finest forest timber, thus inducing dryness in the soil, which had previously consisted of a rich mould. As in Coorg, the surface soil being swept away by the heavy rains, the coffee plants soon began to show signs of decay in withered leaves and swollen trunks. Hundreds of them were cut down and thrown away, being irre-

trievably ruined by their insect foes, and it became necessary to plant the charcoal tree and other fast-growing plants, to give the protection and secure the moisture formerly yielded by the primæval forest.

In the uncertainty as to the ultimate success of growing only coffee, some of the planters have turned their attention to the possibility of rearing cardamoms, pepper, and cinchona. The first of these is indigenous, the jungles specially devoted to it having hitherto been leased out, and the ordinary mode of procuring the spice being to fell some of the giant trees of the forest on the ghâts, when the heads of the cardamom spontaneously appear. It is also sown, but less commonly. The pepper vine grows naturally. Plants from the cinchona nursery on the Bábá Búdan Hill have been distributed in Manjarábád, and if the altitude is sufficient, which seems questionable, they will no doubt be successfully cultivated by the planters, as well as by the villagers. All the latter have small gardens, called Hittalú, attached to their houses, and as fever is frequently prevalent, it is expected that, in the absence of means for extracting the quinine and other essential compounds of the bark, the latter will itself be used in the shape of a decoction, a practice with which, in regard to other trees, Orientals are quite familiar.

According to the latest returns, there are more than 21,000 coffee plantations in Mysore, of which Europeans hold nearly 300; but, whereas the total area of estates occupied by natives is 78,000 acres, that of European estates is 33,000 acres, so that nearly all the

larger grants are held by Englishmen, and in many instances several estates are held by the same person.

There is no doubt that the European planters have conferred an immense benefit upon Manjarábád and the adjoining sub-divisions where they have established themselves. The native landholders, averse to the curtailment of their own feudal powers, and fearing the consequences of their agrestic laborers quitting their employ, frequently regard with a jealous eye the colonization of their country by the interlopers. Nevertheless, many of these have won their esteem and confidence. Cases of violence calling for the intervention of the officers of Government rarely occur, and the planters of Manjarábád are, as a body, gentlemanlike and considerate, and in every way entitled to the fullest support which the State can consistently give them. There is little prospect, however, of their ever realising the brilliant fortunes that at one time dazzled their eyes by anticipation.

features of all of which differ greatly, as well as the

[1] Kanarese, 'Mala,' a hill, and 'Nád,' a division of hill country.

character of the people who inhabit them. Of its nine sub-divisions, four constitute the malnád proper, namely, Ságar, Nagar, Káulidrug, and Anantpur, while Chennagere and Honáli are mostly open country, and the remaining three partake of the characteristics of the other divisions according to their proximity to or remoteness from the wooded hills of the west or the level plains to the east. The distinction referred to is, however, at best arbitrary, as there is little uniformity in the surface of any portion of the country.

The Chennagere sub-division was formerly in the possession of the Pálegárs of Tarikere, in the Kadoor district, who belong to the Bédar caste, and who built forts here and at Baswápatam, a fertile and picturesque tract adjoining. Their principal temple seems to have been at Santé Bennúr, a town reputed to be the most salubrious place in this part of Mysore. The temple was, however, destroyed by the Musalmáns, who used its stones to construct a handsome mosque of great size on the site. The Pálegár, whose god had been thus insulted, suddenly attacked Santé Bennúr with a force of 1,000 men, massacred all the Muhammadan population, and polluted the mosque with swine's blood, since which desecration it has been abandoned. It was, however, occupied for a time by British troops after the fall of Seringapatam.

In the centre of Chennagere is the Súlékere lake, which, when full, is five miles long and twenty miles round, being probably the finest reservoir in Southern India, except the Kammam tank in the Kadapa district of Madras. It was built, it is said, many hundred

years ago by a courtesan ('Súlé,' a courtesan, and 'kere,' a tank, in Kanarese). The local legend asserts that this woman was a king's daughter, who, having formed a connection with some divinity, built, as an expiatory act, the tank, which submerged the town of her father, who cursed her as a prostitute. The work is a very fine one, as the reservoir receives the drainage of twenty square miles, all of which pours into the gorge where it is built. The embankment is of no great length, the defile between the adjacent hills being narrow, but it is of stupendous width, height, and strength, though not quite straight. It has resisted successfully the floods of centuries, but owing to the great pressure of the volume of the water in the tank, the difficulty of properly working with rude plugs the enormous sluices was immense, and the latter in course of time became much injured, and could not be utilised. Of the two sluices, that to the north was called the Siddhana, and that to the south the Basava, and both were in bad order. During the drought, which a few years ago prevailed, advantage was taken of the circumstance to repair the sluices, which a man could pass through with ease, although the first adventurer was encountered by a cobra on entering the northern one. The channels had also fallen into disrepair, and the great extent of land immediately below the tank (reputed to be more than 20,000 acres) was covered by a dense date jungle; so that the vast supply of water afforded by this magnificent reservoir flowed uselessly away to the river Tungábhadra, near Harihar. When the channels, which are now in hand, are fully repaired, hundreds of

CONTD IN NEXT PART

END

END

CHIT-CHAT WITH FRIENDS AT HOME.

Off Socotra, October 26, 1867.

DEAREST ——.—Such a delicious breeze! I am feeling as cool as a cucumber, and as fresh as a lark; and how we do all enjoy it, after the suffocating damp of the Red Sea! Notwithstanding all its miseries, the voyage is very amusing.

We left Aden, where there is not a vestige of vegetation (I was told afterwards that there is one garden), and which looks, what it is, the crater of a volcano, with strange fantastic mountains of lava, and small hills of coal, and numbers of seedy-looking camels trotting about, a regiment, and a few ships and shops. The chief amusement was buying ostrich feathers and watching native divers. About twenty of these fellows, quite black, and some with curly red hair, swam out to the ship, and dived for money flung out to them by the passengers, remaining, as it seemed, many minutes under water. They swam about the ship all day.

As we steamed away, we met the 'Malabar,' a transport, with troops for Abyssinia, and we gave them a cheer. Now we are fairly off for eight or nine days,

with 400 passengers, the most crowded mail of the year! I wonder the purser can survive the journey, as all complaints go to him, and how John Bull does growl and grumble when he can't get all his home comforts, and is hot! Certainly, the passengers are great fun. There is Colonel R., a good-natured man, but now in a perpetual ferment, boiling over and exploding all day long. Mrs. R., having no maid, has cut off her hair in despair. Mr. N. and Mr. V., the former looking like a surly bear, the latter like a perspiring frog, playing whist from daybreak to sunset. There is Mrs. O., a gushing young woman of forty, going out to her husband. She laughs heartily all day, and flirts with all the gentlemen, who make great fun of her. She sings, too, with a stentorian voice, devoid of sweetness.

Mrs. G. is *very* interesting! She is also going out to her husband, the event being so near that it might take place on board. She thinks everyone dreadfully selfish, and is full of woes, which she is ready to pour into our ears, while two crying children do not contribute to her peace of mind, nor that of her neighbours.

Captain F. has the fever, and life is a burden to him. Mrs. F. is doubtless in his eyes a fine woman; but is a perfect feather-bed, and has a little girl, who is frightfully spoiled and screams all day long. Colonel and Mrs. S. sit apart from the common herd, and only associate with 'dear Lords,' and Sir W. S. If she sits aft, she cannot enjoy her baccy (cigarette)! She wears a wondrous chignon. She likes everything,

and never grumbles, but is rather disconsolate at the prospect of losing 'her set' (the great people) at Ceylon.

Two Miss Downfalls are in charge of Mrs. F., who has given them up, because they will dance with the ship's officers, and go on the forecastle after dark. Dr. M. is a good Samaritan, and supplies Mrs. B. with Liebig's mixture and China tea. She looks very well, but is dreadfully spoiled, and is a very bad sailor, feeding the fishes so frequently as to be a source of discomfort to her gudeman.

To-morrow we hope to be at Ceylon, and to rest there forty-eight hours. What a luxury to sleep in a real bed, and not to be awoke by a donkey engine, screaming children, cocks and sheep, or a pig giving its expiring squeak!

Madras, November 8.

I wrote last on the Indian Ocean. It was a weary run to Galle of nine days, the sea calm, but with a heavy swell on it, and we just escaped a gale of wind. The 'Candia' rolled in grand style, like the pendulum of a clock. The single incident was meeting a native boat in distress, it having lost its way. They delayed us some hours, and the '*on dit*' on board was that the captain of the said boat wanted to be shaved, and that his wife was anxious to possess a chignon.

You can imagine what a relief it was to the eye, after the dreary grandeur of the desert and the ocean, to feast our eyes on the exquisite loveliness of the luxuriant vegetation of Ceylon. Even the rocks out

at sea were covered with waving verdure, and the air really was scented with the spices and flowers.

We got safely into the rickety native boats managed by men in birthday suits, who shout and wail, and pull as hard as they can. When we landed, the feeling was like being in one of those tropical conservatories, but still it did not seem in the least oppressive. We put up at a fine new hotel, 'The Oriental,' our room being like a great barn, whitewashed, with an arch and wooden shutters for a window, the floor tiled, marble tables, and two iron beds, well protected with net curtains. How we did enjoy our champagne lunch! As it was Sunday, we drove to the Catholic church, our coachman and footboy being, with the exception of one small garment, both 'au naturel.' We found in the church an Italian Benedictine, who spoke English perfectly, and advised us to drive on through the cinnamon groves, which we did. What wonderful vegetation! date trees, cocoa-nuts, betel-nuts, and plantains, the natives running after the carriage with oranges, pine-apples, and flowers. When we stopped we were surrounded by pretty native children, bringing precious stones, pearls, feathers, and beautiful tortoise-shell ornaments for sale. I felt like a fairy princess. Some of the natives climbed up into a cocoa-nut tree, and having pulled off one, opened it, and offered it to me to drink. I thought it too sweet and sickly. Others brought sticks of cinnamon and lemon leaves for me to smell. They were very gentle, and seemed much amused.

What a luxury a real bed was, and did I not sleep

like a top! Next evening I walked with L. on the ramparts, and we saw such a sı —gold, purple, blue, and green, with white spray, and a pink glow over all. At four o'clock next morning we were all on board; but, after leaving Gallé, we experienced strong head winds and currents against us, which sadly delayed our arrival at Madras.

Shall I ever forget that last night on board? I saw the sun set, without a sight of land: and, to add to our discomfort, it began to blow fresh, and an order was given to close the ports. Then the croakers, of whom there are always plenty on board, went about, saying the captain expected a gale, and that we should not be able to put into Madras for some days. L. made my bed up on one of the benches, as the heat below was stifling, and lay down himself on the deck beside me. It seemed but an instant afterwards when I was startled by the report of a gun, and, opening my eyes, found it was daylight. I had really slept soundly all night, and we had just dropped anchor off Madras. The 'Candia' was rolling about in a wonderful way, and everyone was saying what a dreadful night we had had; but I knew nothing of it. Of course, the voice of a croaker sounded in my ear. 'Do you see that flag, Mrs. B.? that's the danger flag!' Sorry for you! Don't you wish you were were going on with us to Calcutta?'

I made a hasty toilette, no crinoline, only petticoat and waterproof, and prepared for a grand ducking. When I came on deck, a number of officers had, I found, come on board, and one of them handed me a letter from Lord N., asking us to go straight to

Government House. We accepted, and I was afterwards very glad we did so, for I enjoyed the visit exceedingly.

Until all was ready, I amused myself by looking at the strange scene. Besides the large boats that came off for passengers, numbers of naked men, seated astride on logs of wood with a long paddle in their hands, came to have a stare at the ship and her company, their long hair streaming in the wind, and one and all shouting like madmen. After all our boxes had been let down into one of the crazy looking boats, which were full of water, I bid good-bye to our friends on board, and descended the ladder. What with the yelling of the people, and the dashing of the boat, I felt very much like the Yorkshireman, 'clean mazed and stagnated.' Just as I was preparing to jump in, a large wave came and dashed the boat like a nut-shell under the ladder, and lifted us up with it. Then down we went again, and I jumped safely into the arms of the ship's officer. Then we were several minutes in getting clear of the 'Candia,' each great wave carrying us back to her; and when she rolled over on her side, as if to crush us, it really was terrific.

The twenty natives who rowed the boat were invoking 'Santa Maria and 'Xavier' all the way to the pier. I don't know why we were not all swamped, as I never saw such frightful waves; and no ordinary boat could have lived in them. I suppose the lightness of the native boats, which are made of bark, sewn together with thick twine, renders them safe. Arrived at the pier a tub was let down, and we were hoisted up in it.

A deputation from Mysore awaited our arrival, and great wreaths of pink and white flowers were put round our necks, and bouquets presented to us.

Now, let me see if I can give you a description of Government House. It stands in a very pretty park, but the foliage of the trees is much richer than in England, and there are tall feathery trees like gigantic ferns. The earth is quite red, and there are great birds which scream, and little blue birds; and instead of deer, there are antelopes jumping and bounding about in an odd way. The house is painted to look like white marble. There are no doors, but you drive under a portico, and ascend a flight of steps thirty feet wide, through a grand open hall, up a very handsome branching staircase, and everywhere there are great vases full of exquisite flowers. You finally arrive at a drawing-room like a Grecian church all white, with pretty chintz sofas and easy chairs, with punkahs waving slowly in a sleepy way over you. From this you enter smaller drawing-rooms, without doors, and with arches instead of windows, leading into a wide verandah with Indian matting to keep out the sun.

Native servants, all dressed in white, with white and red turbans, stand about here and there watching to see if anyone wants anything. There are no bells, and if you call out, 'Peon,' instanter he stands before you. An Ayah with bare feet, rings on her toes, two large gold nails in her ears, besides earrings, a large ruby (?) inserted in one nostril, and a scarf gracefully wound about her person, was called up and told to take care of me.

We remained at Madras three days. The order of the day was—ten o'clock, breakfast; two, tiffin; and five, tea; and directly the sun set, we all turned out, Mrs. F. and I driving, while the gentlemen rode. All the grooms run, and are marvellously fleet. They wear short white dresses, scarlet and gold belts and turbans, and flourish long whisks of white and scarlet hair. Those who run with the carriage shout to the natives to clear the road. We drove up and down a fine road by the sea, the band playing, and all the world taking the air by moonlight. At eight we dined. Each evening we had a dinner party of thirty persons, and dined in the verandah, which was airy and cool, a band playing the whole time.

Bangalore, November 20.

As it is fourteen hours' journey to Bangalore, L. secured a through carriage, which is so comfortable that you can go to bed and sleep in it. As I stepped in, two neat square baskets were handed in, which turned out to contain a dainty dinner which Mrs. F. had kindly ordered to be sent—everything from ice to salt. We eat our dinner, and then I undressed partially, and went to bed with great comfort.

I was in the middle of a dream, when I became aware of a noise and something bright. It was quite dark, but a deputation had come down the line to greet us, and forty or more natives in white sheets, and with torches and tomtoms, were looking at me, much to my embarrassment. L. got out to speak to them, and they offered him fruit and flowers, one of them stand-

ing forward to make a speech. At four o'clock we stopped again, and there was another deputation, with more fruit and flowers, and atar of roses. There was a comfortable waiting-room, so I made my toilette, and enjoyed a cup of hot tea. Then we started again.

It was a glorious morning. I said a litany and morning prayers, and, shortly afterwards, Bangalore came in sight, looking in the distance like an English village, with the spires of the churches peering up amidst the trees.

Inside the station were all the officers of the commission, with their wives, and outside the scene was most extraordinary. The whole native population had turned out. A rocky eminence in front of the station was one mass of human beings in white dresses, with every variety of colored turbans, producing a most picturesque effect. L. stood for a few moments on the steps, salaaming,—that is to say, bowing and touching the forehead with the right hand—and then we drove off, a detachment of cavalry galloping in front. As we neared our gates, we came to a triumphal arch—a mass of flowers, with 'Welcome' written above in white roses. Here the crowd was so dense that the carriage came to a standstill, and an address was handed in by one of the principal natives, accompanied by specimens of fruits. Then they insisted on putting a wreath of white roses and silver cord round my neck, and another round L.'s. When we entered our compound, guns fired, the flag was hoisted, and we were at home. The steps of the house were one mass of flowers, and a servant was waiting inside with a bouquet from the

Raja's own garden. As for myself, I was fairly bewildered, what with the dust, noise, and novelty of the whole proceeding.

Bangalore, December 4.

I enclose a list of our household; as each servant only does one thing, we are obliged to have a great many. Their costumes are light and airy. The three women, who are about our rooms, wear a scarf twisted round their persons, a jewel in one nostril, and all sorts of things in their ears, gold nails, &c., and on their toes they have silver rings. When I gave them their new scarfs they put them on, and then came and lay flat on the floor at my feet by way of saying, 'Thank you.' The butler and boys (we call them 'boys,' but they are all men, and some rather ancient), wear white muslin trousers, white calico upper garments reaching to the knees, and white turbans. The coachman and horse-boys wear blue cloth blouses, bound with scarlet and fastened in at the waist with a scarlet and blue belt, white knickerbockers and scarlet turbans. In the hot weather, they wear all white, and they have bare legs and feet always.

I have a capital cook, but how he ever turns out such good dinners from the place called a kitchen is quite beyond me. They light little charcoal fires on the hearth, and there is no such thing as an oven or a grate, or a boiler or a jack! and yet we have joints and entrées, just as if we had one of Benham's stoves.

One thing is universal. They never express the least surprise. My butler, for instance, if you praise him,

says nothing. If you scold him, and tell him he is a thief and a liar, he receives your information with the same passive indifference. Last week, he told me his brother had killed his wife with just the same nonchalance. A few days after, he asked to be allowed to go and be shaved, because his brother had been hung, and it was their custom to shave at such times. All the servants are alike in this respect. They are all most attentive, and run like hares if I want anything, and are really very clever. The first dinner-party I gave, I troubled myself to arrange the flowers, but the next party 'master's boy' did it all quite as well as I did it myself, so I never troubled myself about it again.

L. went to Mysore, to pay his respects to the Raja, who sent me a garland of flowers, and a betel-nut to chew. He told L. if he came again without me, he would not receive him, and said he had heard I was good-tempered and *long-handed*. Some translate this to mean extravagant, others charitable.

December 6.

We are very early people in this part of the world. Last Sunday they kept the feast of St. Francis Xavier at the native church, and we sent word that we should attend at mass. Such a wonderful sight! It is a fine large church, built in the form of a cross. It was beautifully decorated with flowers by the Indians, and round the altar great exotic leaves had been most gracefully arranged. The church was quite full, and we had to pick our way over the people to gain the two prie-dieu's, which Père C. had placed for us before the

altar. When the mass began, the people all sang in Canarese in a very touching and devotional manner. I should be afraid to say how many hundreds of the poor Indians went to Holy Communion, and their devotion was most edifying. Some of the men were grand looking fellows, with a single tuft of hair on their heads, and a white scarf twisted about their persons. The women, though of course very nude, were very clean, and wore all sorts of ornaments. Altogether it was a very strange sight! The priests dress all in white, and wear long beards. They look very worn and ascetic.

Now, C. will, I know, like to hear about the horses. Well! the stables are beautiful, and every morning before breakfast, I put on one of L.'s wide-awake hats, and hoist an umbrella, while L. lights his pipe, and away we go, down the front steps, through the flower garden. Of course I look very wise as I pass the gardener, and make believe I know all about his plants and flowers, while he, funny old fellow! wearing wondrously little clothing, bends down to the ground, and scratches the gravel and then his forehead, by way of saying, 'Your faithful servant.'

Arrived at the stables, there is a general neighing of welcome, for we feed the horses every morning with bunches of lucerne, of which they are very fond. A grand man in a blue coat and a scarlet turban, who looks so diabolical that Marie says she is sure he is the old gentleman himself, carries the bunches of grass. First comes Ajax, a wicked pony, but most handsome, who has a bushy mane and a mischievous eye. He affects to be shy and won't beg for his grass. Close to

him are Black Prince and Erebus, two black horses L. bought for my special use. When we have passed them, Gay, the old brown carriage-horse, has thrust out his head and neighed, and begins to beg beautifully, holding up his leg in an exemplary manner. Melbourne, his companion, is white and uninteresting. Then come the pets Ruby and Topaz, a pair of chestnut Arabs, pretty creatures, but not yet thoroughly trained.

My other pets consist of two peacocks, the poultry, supplying the table with fowls, ducks, and turkies, some lovely white rabbits with red eyes like rubies, and some white doves.

I shall finish my letter with a verbatim copy of the bill of fare for my first dinner-party, as sent up by the cook, and I hope it may amuse you as much as it did me :—

Hotche-potche soup.
Poulay.
Cotholathe Mouthong, with Allusonby sauce.
Mouthong thongconsom,
Judthum Voulvapg.

JOINTS.

Mouthong—Cocks Turky—Snips.
Blumanger—Sooka Poodang.
Maccaroning.

December 8.

Last week we had a most curious sight here in our compound. The great Gooroo, or Pope of Southern India, announced his intention of paying L. a visit. He is supposed to be n incarnation of the Deity. Of course he could not condescend to enter a Christian house, so L. had to receive him on the lawn. First came a number of natives dancing, shouting, and

beating tomtoms, then an elephant bearing two huge drums, with a baby elephant. Then the Gooroo, carried in a magnificent cross palankeen, which is borne so as to stop the way, he being the only person permitted to be carried in this manner. He is an old man of seventy-eight. He wore a gold tiara, an emerald necklace, and silver shoes, and behind him was carried his successor, a child of seven, who is supposed to have the marks of the Deity about him. Gooroo senior lives on vegetables, and actually drinks (*horribile dictu*) cow's water. He sat on a wooden chair, and L. opposite him. I was peeping through the venetians all the while. Just under the window stood six dancing girls covered with ornaments. They were very handsome, and had chignons of flowers—a regular bouquet at the back of their heads. . . . .

Christmas.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below
That wakens at this hour of rest,
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallowed ground.

It was just so. The sound of church bells below the hill woke me up about eleven o'clock, just in time to get up and dress for midnight mass, and L. read me out those lines from Tennyson, as we sat awaiting the

carriage. The church was all lighted up and looked very nice. The band of the 10th Regiment played Mozart's 12th Mass; Père C. gave Holy Communion, and we thought and prayed for all our dear ones at home.

After breakfast all the servants came with flowers and gilt limes, which they presented to us, wishing us a happy Christmas, and then the government peons assembled outside, with the bands, followed by messages and visits from the principal natives at the station. I have had to give all the servants Christmas boxes,—quite an undertaking,—and they took me in, and got double what they ought to have had, looking excessively pleased with themselves in consequence.

The Lancers the other day got up some theatricals, some of the men taking ladies' parts, but, as they had forgotten to engage a maid to superintend their toilettes, you can image how convulsed we all were to see a young lady appear on the stage with a crinoline and a tulle dress, of course quite transparent, which had never occurred to them, the heroine being quite unconscious of the cause of the excessive laughter which greeted her début, and attended her performance to the end.

January 6, 1868.

Once upon a time in Bungalum—somewhere down here in India, you know, or you don't know the exact whereabouts—it was early in the morning, so early that the sun was not up, though somebody else must have been, for, as the clock struck six, a cannon was

fired off—bang! and Mrs. Commissioner, who had been fast asleep a minute before, dreaming all sorts of pleasant things, woke up with a start. She had only been in Bungalum a few weeks, and had not as yet become accustomed to the six o'clock and nine o'clock guns,—one to blow her out of bed, and the other to shoot her in again,—so she awoke, turned round on her pillow, and lay listening to the sound as it boomed away over the parade ground. Mr. Commissioner was awake also, or has been for some time, per force of habit, being a very early bird. Up he jumps. Of course he knocks his head or his back with the weights on the mosquito curtains, and, having given one or other, or both, a conciliatory rub, disappears into his dressing room, from which he is not long in reappearing in stout yellow leathern gaiters, booted and spurred. Of course he takes a peep through the curtains at Mrs. Commissioner. 'Well, did I ever! what a kitten it is for sleep!' he mutters, for she has relapsed into her former state of blissful unconsciousness.

Let her sleep, while we follow Mr. Commissioner, who, having gulped down a cup of tea and munched a piece of toast with relish, walks out into the verandah, on which exeunt peons for 'Ajax' with all possible speed. There is a cold feeling in the air, and a white fog envelopes the landscape. The redoubtable Ajax comes sidling along, winking first at the horseboy and then at his master out of his mischievous eyes. He does not want to be petted, not he! and he pretends to object to being mounted, but it is all in vain, and Mr. Commissioner has jumped on his back. Now

for a spree, thinks the wicked pony, laying back his ears, and plunging out of the gate full tilt. Away they go, out of the civilised world of Bungalum, into the wild country, with its great boulders of rock, speaking of ancient earthquakes and upheavings, miles and miles. Not a soul, not even a policeman on his beat, sees the Commissioner ride forth, chuckling inwardly, as he reflects how he will take in the Amildar of Chitteldroog, and surprise all the native officials. He has heard of certain irregularities at the travellers' bungalow, and thinks there is nothing like going to the spot himself. It is a matter of eight miles, but, halt! here we are! Woh Ajax! A call from without the bungalow, a feeble response from within, and out comes a native servant, his swarthy limbs wrapped in a white sheet, wondering who on earth comes that way so early in the morning. 'What does the Sahib want?' 'Show me your price-list,' says Mr. Commissioner, taking no notice of the man's manner, which is not what it would be if he knew who his visitor was. 'You have not got one? then call the Amildar.' Native stares. 'So early in the morning, call the Amildar? and who shall I say wants him?' 'A Sahib,' replies the Commissioner, sitting back at ease in his saddle, while Ajax winks, as much as to say, 'Here's a pretty go!' The man in the sheet scuttles down into the village, reappearing after some time with the Amildar, not in the most respectful or pleasant mood at being so disturbed. 'Where is your price-list?' 'Haven't got one,' retorts the man, drawing near. 'Very well,' says Mr. Commissioner, rising in his stirrups with becoming

dignity. 'If you don't send one in before four-and-twenty hours you lose your place. The Amildar stares. 'And who are you, Sahib?' 'The Commissioner.' The Amildar is electrified; he has jumped out of his shoes (a sign of disrespect to appear in them), and is now salaaming to the earth. The Commissioner flourishes his whip, and Ajax is already a mile on his return home before the astonished Amildar has collected his scared senses. While the news goes the round of the village, Mr. Commissioner sits on the edge of the bed, chafing his cold hands, putting in his shirt studs, and amusing Mrs. C., who is by this time wide awake, with the account of the morning's adventure. How cold it was! how Ajax did pull, and how he tried to run away after a sixteen miles gallop, as he turned in at the lodge!

In the meanwhile, a very picturesque group has come up to the bath-room door. A white bullock, laden with a large black skin full of water, the contents of which are being emptied into a big tub. Yes! we all wash in tubs at Bungalum, reminding one of the days of our childhood, of nurses, and Saturday night. Mrs. Commissioner watches the shaving process, and then her lord and master sallies forth again, and having asked her in a pointed manner if she knows what time it is, retires to his study.

Scene 2.—Enter Mrs. L., all smiles, with a cup of tea. Enters also from the garden Poochao, the black maid, hiding her face in her hands, as a mark of deep respect. Poochao always hides her face in the presence of Mrs. Commissioner. No doubt she imagines the

light of her countenance would be too great for her. Poochao's accomplishments consist in being able to wave a duster in the mildest manner possible, by way of dusting, and, with help, she can make a bed, and empty the basins and fill them, but Poochao is very honest and a good soul on the whole. Mrs. C. is dressed, and having called Mr. C., they say their orisons together before the ivory crucifix which stands, with their Prayer-book, at the foot of their bed. Then they sally forth, disturbing a small swarm of peons squatted on a mat in the verandah. The sentinels salute the Sahib. They wear a scarlet costume that looks well amongst the green trees, and would look well on nearer inspection, but for a white bandage which they wear under their chins, as if they suffered ever and aye from toothache.

Just as Her Most Gracious Majesty walks on the slopes, so daily do Mr. and Mrs. C. walk on the levels to the stables and poultry-yard. The sun is hot, the wind is cold, and when the solemn voice of the butler says, 'Breakfast on the table, Sir-r-r-r,' with such an 'r,' Mr. and Mrs. C. are quite ready for it and enjoy it.

Scene 3.—It is eleven o'clock. 'Garee mungow,' shouts the Commissioner to the peons—interpreted, 'carriage to the door.' Take it to Jericho, thinks Mrs. C., who always puts on a long face at this stage of the day's proceedings. At last Mr. C. gets to the door, but turns back and says, 'Let me see, did I give you a kiss or not?' Of course Mrs. C. says she thinks not, and so gets or takes another. Then Mr. C. sallies

forth, putting on his office face, for the peons in the verandah would lose all respect for the great man if they thought he cared for Mrs. C. Orientals look upon women as inferior animals. Mr. C. frowns. Peon seizes the great gold-headed stick, that magic wand, the sight of which strikes awe and veneration into the hearts of the natives of Bungalum. Of what passes in the fort from that hour until half-past five let no man enquire. Mrs. C. says it would not interest her. No doubt the grapes are sour. She will go there at half-past five o'clock, but she will not be admitted within its sacred precincts.

Scene 4.—Missus can see! and soon gets out a smart bonnet, and in bustles with a rustle Mrs. Chatterbox, who is so anxious to see Mrs. Commissioner, and to have something to talk about. 'Ah, yes, she knew the house in dear old Sir ——'s time. He was her father's brother's mother's first cousin, once removed. She came to Bungalum herself as a bride, she won't say how many years ago,' &c. Having had her chat out, she departs. Enter Mrs. Alleyes, all curiosity to see the alterations. Mrs. C. feels that no great exertion is needed on her part in the conversational line. Mrs. Alleyes takes it all in. 'New carpets? handsome! Sofas re-covered! water-colors, embroidered table-cloth.' Alleyes shall write for some to-day. 'And so that is the fashion? tassels? nothing new in the hair line? Good-bye.' Exit Alleyes, and enter Mr. and Mrs. Pump, who let down the buckets at once. 'So sorry to hear Mr. B. is going away! to H ——?' Mrs. Commissioner replies that she knows nothing

about it. 'When is the Raja to be invested with the Star of India?' Mrs. C. wonders when, also. 'General —— will be down here soon, no doubt. Mrs. C. thinks it is very possible.' Buckets drawn up empty; and Pumps desist and depart.

Enter Mrs. Smalltalk. 'Have you heard of Mrs. Brown? What *do* you think people say of poor Mrs. White, because she took Colonel Blackbird home from the bandstand? And as to Miss Fickle, well, really! I don't know what to say!' She then departs. Enter young Jackanapes of the 11th with his bosom friend De Courcy Plunger. 'Haw! dull place, Bungalum! horrid slow place! nothing for a fellow to do! no balls this year! wish they were in a jungle, rather than in a half-civilised place like Bungalum.' One cackles while the other brays. D. G., exeunt both. Follows Mrs. Affirmative, and then Mrs. Negative. Shut up—two o'clock.

Solemn voice, 'Tiffin on the table, marm.' Mrs. Commissioner walks into her dining-room, and sits down at a large table in a big armchair to a nice basin of mutton broth. Four black faces, that is, eight eyes, are upon her. How loud that clock does tick! Mind wanders away thousands of miles to lunch going on at 'My own dear daddy! mother darling! C love! how I wish you were all here! and there's Prince and Minette, and dirty old Tibby, and Tiny whining outside on the window-sill. Let him in.'

'Missus please.' 'Dear me, where am I? Oh, yes, all right!' and off Mrs. C. walks to inspect a tailor recovering a sofa.

Scene 5.—Five o'clock. Chocolate and toast, and then away to the fort goes Mrs. C. in her easy barouche, with black horses, and the two running horse-boys, through the pettah, with its palms, temples, and shops, through crowds of natives staring and salaaming, through eastern sights and smells up to the old fort, under the gateway, up the hill through the inner gates, and then pull up. Mrs. C. pretends not to see the old madman, wrapped up in a ragged old shawl, who daily tries to intercept and get something out of Mrs. C., and the old crazy woman who has been every day for ten years with 'her case.' Mr. C. is long in coming, and a crowd has collected all staring. Some are handsome looking men, others dreadful objects with deformities. A stir! Mr. C.'s mysterious box, and the practical bottle of sherry and the empty biscuit-tin appear, followed by Mr. C. himself. Soldiers present arms, and then Mr. and Mrs. C. go for their evening drive, have a snug little dinner at eight, a little music, a little reading—petting? of course not—and then at ten retire to rest. So ends our day.

January 30.

Last week the Mahometans had their grand feast and holiday, after their fast. L. knew they would all go to the gardens (Lal Bagh) in the evening, so we made a point of going, no other Europeans being there except ourselves. The gardens were crowded with men and their children, all in their best, but no wives, who are never seen. The costumes were marvellous. Yellow satin trousers, crimson embroidered waistcoats,

with a showy Cashmere shawl flung over the shoulder, that was the fashion. There was, however, an endless variety, pink trousers and blue vests, and I must say I coveted some of the latter. We walked about, and L. spoke to the men he knew. I had a chat with a man and his two little children, wonderfully got up. I asked him where he had purchased the lovely embroideries the baby had on. He replied, 'Our ladies make the things.' The little girl, five years old, wore on her head a gold metal cap set with pearls, pearl earrings and nosering, six gold bracelets on one arm, a sort of loose green silk chemise, and a shawl pinned on her shoulders. Such a little oddity! She was really pretty, with the most beautiful hands and feet. The natives seem fully to appreciate the gardens, and every evening numbers are there sitting under the trees, or looking at the flowers and animals.

February.

The twelve o'clock gun has just fired, I am sitting at my writing table. The window is open a pair of ring-doves are billing and cooing in the verandah; the fish are disporting themselves in the aquarium; there is a pleasant smell of mignionette and roses, a warbling of birds, and a chattering of squirrels. The sentry is walking backwards and forwards in the sun. What is he made of? It is Saturday, so L. is at home; but he is shut up in his study, seeing this person and that on important affairs! Official, of course! He has opened his door (to have a peep at me? it must have been for that). I have stepped in, and given him—never mind

Scene 5.—Five o'clock. Chocolate and toast, and then away to the fort goes Mrs. C. in her easy barouche, with black horses, and the two running horse-boys, through the pettah, with its palms, temples, and shops, through crowds of natives staring and salaaming, through eastern sights and smells up to the old fort, under the gateway, up the hill through the inner gates, and then pull up. Mrs. C. pretends not to see the old madman, wrapped up in a ragged old shawl, who daily tries to intercept and get something out of Mrs. C., and the old crazy woman who has been every day for ten years with 'her case.' Mr. C. is long in coming, and a crowd has collected all staring. Some are handsome looking men, others dreadful objects with deformities. A stir! Mr. C.'s mysterious box, and the practical bottle of sherry and the empty biscuit-tin appear, followed by Mr. C. himself. Soldiers present arms, and then Mr. and Mrs. C. go for their evening drive, have a snug little dinner at eight, a little music, a little reading—petting? of course not—and then at ten retire to rest. So ends our day.

January 30.

Last week the Mahometans had their grand feast and holiday, after their fast. L. knew they would all go to the gardens (Lal Bagh) in the evening, so we made a point of going, no other Europeans being there except ourselves. The gardens were crowded with men and their children, all in their best, but no wives, who are never seen. The costumes were marvellous. Yellow satin trousers, crimson embroidered waistcoats,

with a showy Cashmere shawl flung over the shoulder, that was the fashion. There was, however, an endless variety, pink trousers and blue vests, and I must say I coveted some of the latter. We walked about, and L. spoke to the men he knew. I had a chat with a man and his two little children, wonderfully got up. I asked him where he had purchased the lovely embroideries the baby had on. He replied, 'Our ladies make the things.' The little girl, five years old, wore on her head a gold metal cap set with pearls, pearl earrings and nosering, six gold bracelets on one arm, a sort of loose green silk chemise, and a shawl pinned on her shoulders. Such a little oddity! She was really pretty, with the most beautiful hands and feet. The natives seem fully to appreciate the gardens, and every evening numbers are there sitting under the trees, or looking at the flowers and animals.

February 8.

The twelve o'clock gun has just fired. I am sitting at my writing table. The window is open; a pair of ring-doves are billing and cooing in the verandah; the fish are disporting themselves in the aquarium; there is a pleasant smell of mignionette and roses, warbling of birds, and a chattering of squirrels. The sentry is walking backwards and forwards in the sun. What is he made of? It is Saturday, so L. is at home; but he is shut up in his study, seeing this person and that on important affairs! Official, of course! He has opened his door (to have a peep at me? it must have been for that). I have stepped in, and given him—never mind

what—and have been packed out again in double-quick time.

Last Sunday evening we had a row. The Gooroo went in state through the cantonment; and passing with his elephants and tomtoms in front of the mosque, where the Mahometans were at prayers, they sent out to prevent him passing—upon which the Gooroo's escort came back, elephants and all, and tomtomed louder than ever in defiance of the mosque and its inmates. This enraged the latter to such a pitch that they rushed out, and the Gooroo had to take refuge in a shop, from which he was afterwards conveyed away by the back door! In punishment for causing this row, L. has reduced his Holiness's escort from thirty to ten men, and forbidden him to come in future into the cantonment. Four hundred natives have signed a petition to L. against the insult offered to their high priest.

The Raja has just sent us a baby elephant, three months old. It was enticed from Mysore with sugar-cane, and now cries piteously for its mammy. We packed it off to the Gardens. It looks like a very old man who has lost his teeth.

March 28.

A telegram has arrived announcing the Raja's death. He expired at eleven o'clock at night, and at twelve next day his body was burnt according to the Hindoo rites. At five o'clock, all the troops at Bangalore, mustering 2,000, were had out on the parade ground, about half-a-mile in front of our house. I did not go

myself, but witnessed the scene from the verandah. It was a cool afternoon, the sun being hidden by a bank of clouds threatening rain, or rather rejoicing our hearts and eyes with the promise of it. In the distance, a cloud of dust and a beating of drums announced the arrival of the troops on the parade ground. On every side, crowds of natives in their white dresses were seen trooping towards that point. Major R. arrived in our compound in full uniform, and a few Silladars in their picturesque dresses came curvetting on to the ground. Then appeared the Commissioner on his beautiful Arab, in cocked hat and the Windsor uniform. The flag was flying half-mast high, and there was a great commotion among the crows, who doubtless were aware, not of the event, but of the coming rain. Then the bugle sounded to announce the Commissioner's arrival on the parade ground, followed by a salute of thirteen guns, fired in his honor. The wand dropped, and the flag hung motionless against the flag-staff. Somebody, given to feeling fidgety, strained her eyes through an opera glass, but saw nothing but a cloud of dust and an occasional flash of fire, when up sprang the breeze, and out floated again the flag, followed by a salute of twenty-one guns for the young Raja. *Le Roi est mort! vive le Roi!* and down came drops of delicious rain—which is, of course, looked upon by the people as a happy omen. L. returned, it got dark, and down fell the shower. We had our chairs placed in the verandah, and there sat, enjoying the smell from the thirsty earth, and the pattering of the rain on the leaves, till it was dinner-time. The

frogs croaked, the lizards ran about, and the squirrels came hopping into the verandah, while we threw open all the windows and doors, and said, 'Oh! how refreshing!

September 30.

On Saturday, September 19, a telegram was received from Mysore that the installation of the young Raja must take place on the 23rd, as the wise men and astrologers, having consulted the stars, found that that was the auspicious day, the hour to be between eleven and twelve o'clock. It was useless to remonstrate at this short notice, so L. said 'Fiat,' and I grumbled, and set Marie and two tailors to work and stitch their fingers off to get ready.

The Raja's stables having been reduced from unlimited supplies of horses and carriages to ten pair, it was no longer possible to post royally along the road of eighty-four miles in his Highness's carriage, as of old; so bullocks were laid, and, out of consideration for my bones, the bullock coach was discarded, and a pole adjusted to the office carriage, which makes up into a bed. I was only allowed the smallest portmanteau, which was tyranny and oppression to the highest degree, when three toilettes and a best bonnet, to say nothing of a crinoline, had to be stowed away. However, I could not remonstrate, when a Windsor uniform and a cocked hat had to travel ignominiously in a bundle!

A pair of bullocks having been pressed into the service with many blows and shouts, we set off at a

famous trot, a Silladar curvetting in front, and several more kicking up a dust behind, while a peon ran in front, shouting to everybody to keep out of the way. Away we went, down through the native town, the people staring and salaaming, out into the wild rocky country beyond. As we passed through the different talooks or villages, the Amildar or Magistrate came out to meet us, followed by the inhabitants, and, whilst we changed bullocks, presented garlands of flowers and limes, and chatted with my husband in Canarese of the coming event.

After a time the road became more rough—very bad indeed—and the bullocks had hard work to get along. The difficulty was overcome by a native, with only his loins girt, sitting on the shaft, shouting and twisting the tails of the poor beasts, while the driver lashed, and the peons, running on either side, poked them with their sticks! Two wild-looking natives ran on ahead, as it grew dark, with torches, the smoke and smell of which were anything but agreeable. As we approached the villages, a native with a curious horn announced our arrival by a cheerful blast. During the night, in passing through the villages, we saw the people asleep outside their huts, rolled up in their blankets, white or coloured, looking like so many mummies. The great banyan trees looked so ghastly in the moonlight, with their gnarled branches and beard-like appendages.

Once during the night we were awoke by loud cries, and, stopping, found that the Silladar had given a whack to a pair of bullocks at the head of a train of carts, which had resulted in the animals upsetting the

cart into a ditch. The cries were so piteous that we concluded that the driver was under his cart, and L. got out to render assistance, but found the man unhurt, sitting by the wayside weeping—I ought to say howling—and wringing his hands, Indian fashion, instead of setting to work to do anything.

At the Muddoor station, which was nice and clean, I made myself tidy; we had a comfortable breakfast, and, being joined by Major C., started again at six o'clock, in a comfortable carriage of the Raja's, with good horses.

We soon crossed the Cavery—the first Indian river I had seen. The country was very green with rice crops and mulberry trees, and is irrigated by water channels from the Cavery at this season of the year. We now got along at a great pace, and soon came in sight of Seringapatam peeping out amongst the luxuriant vegetation. There was the mosque, the fort, the tomb of Tippoo Sultan, the house and garden occupied by the Duke of Wellington, and the lofty monument erected to the memory of the officers who perished at the storming of the fort. In crossing an arm of the Cavery, we had a beautiful view at the Raja's bathing-place, beneath a very picturesque bridge. Great flights of steps lead down to the water, and women in bright clothes were filling their brass vessels with the water, and walking away with them on their heads. The river looked so deliciously cool that it is not very strange that these poor Indians should worship it when it is the source of such blessings to their country.

The next stage seemed very short, and we were

joined by a regiment of Silladars, who look very well in a body with their gold and scarlet dress and turbans. The native saddles also are very handsome, whilst the horses, adorned with colored ropes and tassels round their necks, add greatly to the general good effect. They certainly consider themselves fine fellows, and show off and kick up no end of dust. I was nearly choked.

Next we came upon a man with his horn; then a temple, with all the dancing girls outside in their best, with their priests and their everlasting tomtoms. A little farther on was a deputation of all the merchants of the city, with a congratulatory speech by a stout burly gentleman with much gesticulation, which, had we not been obliged to listen to it all most uncomfortably in the glare of the sun, would have amused me greatly. Then garlands and bouquets were thrown into the carriage. I was indeed rejoiced to reach the Residency, and get into the cool house.

On Wednesday, at eleven o'clock, we were all dressed and assembled at the Residency, which was formerly a palace of the Raja, and has in it one of the finest rooms in India. All the company at last arrived, and we went off in carriages, preceded by the Silladars, while natives ran on each side, bearing very long lances with scarlet streamers and gold cords and tassels. These lances they shake and clang in a peculiar manner, and to my mind most musically. In the procession were carried some curious batons and mitres, insignia of royalty.

All the people were thronging about, and when we turned under the gates of the fort, within which is the

palace, and arrived at the great square in front of it, the noise was such that it was impossible to make any one hear. It was all dumb show. God save the Queen! Native music! Tomtoms! A great mass of human beings in the square, and every individual shouting! Had I not been told what to expect, I should have been frightened.

Upon driving up in front of the palace, one of the princes, by name the 'Prince of the Chamber of Cupid,' a grandson of the late Raja, came forward. I salaamed, he salaamed, and extended his two hands, upon which I placed one of mine, and he led me up the steps, surging with people, into the inner court of the palace to the chair on which sat the young Raja, to whom I salaamed, and with whom I then shook hands.

My husband and Major E. following, did the same, and then they took the little man by the hand, and, leading him up the silver steps, lifted him on to his throne. Then you should have heard the row! The lances were clanged, the English hurrahed, the natives shouted, and the bands and tomtoms played. I never was in such a din, and the crowd surged up, and there came a perfect shower of flowers. We were pelted on all sides, and L. had to protect the little Raja with his cocked hat, while Major C. did his best for me; but it was hopeless, and there was nothing for it but to endure. My dress was ruined at once, all the flowers being soaked in attar of roses! I looked up, expecting to see the little Raja terrified and in tears, but, like a high-born Oriental, he sat as cool as a cucumber.

I must describe the little fellow to you, and his throne. Chamraj Wodiar, Maharaja of Mysore, is going on for seven years of age. He is not dark, but of a rich olive complexion, with most splendid eyes. He has bare feet, coat and trousers of gold, and a beautiful turban, hung round with great drops of emeralds and diamonds. Major E. had the state rings and bangles made to fit his small feet and fingers. The throne is like what one reads of in a fairy tale, of solid gold, very ancient, and exquisitely chased and carved. From the arms hang ropes of real pearls. The umbrella above it is surmounted by a peacock in emeralds and diamonds. Two attendants stood behind, waving feathers tipped with diamonds, and two others waved in the air, in a peculiar way, Cashmere shawls, or what looked to me like them.

After a time, order was established, and we all sat down, the English on the left, the royal princes on the right. The little king looked about him with astonishing coolness, and began chewing a betel-nut! Had he cried, the people would have thought it a bad omen. As it was, he was a born king, and they were all delighted.

Then followed the ceremonies. First came the Brahmins, with incantations and prayers, sprinkling the child with the waters of the sacred rivers of India. Secondly, his pedigree, from the gods down to the present day, was read out. We gave him three cheers, and there was a great row. Thirdly, presentation of the fruits of the earth, carried in on trays, the Raja laying his tiny hand on everything with great dignity.

Fourthly, presentation of twenty-one trays of presents, and a very handsome necklace, from our Government, and my husband fastened the ornament round the little fellow's neck. Fifthly, descending from his throne, the Raja presented twenty-one trays to L., and fastened a splendid necklace of pearls, diamonds, and rubies round his neck, a shawl, embroidered in green and gold, being thrown over his shoulders. Then the Raja placed wreaths of flowers over L.'s neck and mine, but he could not get them over my bonnet, which seemed to amuse him greatly. Then he presented each with a rose, and a gold tray being handed in, he scented the roses with attar, and gave each of us a betel-nut, after which he was again placed on his throne.

Then followed the homage of all his relatives, who advanced one by one, and bowing down, placed their heads on the throne, each offering a present, which the Raja just touched. Then all the English officers salaamed and shook hands, and were handed out to the carriages as before, amidst renewed shoutings, the bands playing 'God save the Queen.

I must tell you that the floor of the raised platform was carpeted with cloth of gold, which was soon inches deep in flowers.

In the afternoon of the same day we went a second time to the palace for a durbar. Inside the palace is a great room, looking on and opening into the square, but upstairs, and the throne had been placed in the balcony, so that all the public might see it.

First came the Brahmins, and the child had actually

to worship his throne, walking round it three times, and throwing lotus flowers at the foot of it, prayers being meanwhile recited. Then L. put him on his throne, while the mob below closed in, and there was another storm of flowers, L. protecting the Raja's face with my fan!

Then there were wrestlers below fighting, then sword-dancing, and, behold, the State elephant, painted, and done up for the occasion in his best. He was led up to the front of the balcony, and saluted with his trunk in the air. He was followed by the State horse, magnificently caparisoned, and lastly came the sacred cow, worshipped as an impersonation of the Deity, covered with pearls and cloth of gold. Finally, all ended with fireworks and 'Good night!'

On returning to the Residency, we had just time to dress for the grand dinner given to all the European officers. After dinner, we drank the health of the Queen, L. made a short speech, and then we drank the Raja's health. After dinner, we had music, and we got up some Christy Minstrels' songs. In fact, everything went off well.

On the following day L. and I drove round the town of Mysore, and had a very picturesque view of the old walls of the fort, an avenue of trees, and a large tank or lake-like sheet of water, with Chamoondee rising beyond, on the summit of which is a house, and a temple dedicated to the tutelary deity of the Mysore dynasty. On returning, we all went to the stables to see the horses, and feed the pigeons, great beauties, and formerly special pets of the late Raja.

After breakfast, we went to the palace, and saw all over it. It is a most curious and interesting place. We went first into the inner courtyard, where the installation took place the day before, and then took a squint down a long dirty-looking passage to the kitchen, which Major E. advised us not to visit. Passing up an open staircase into a low wide gallery, we saw to the left the ladies' apartments, and turned to the right into a small ante-room lighted from above, in the centre of which was a square place railed off, and slightly sunk, in which are kept the sacred cow and her calf. The former was evidently viciously disposed towards us, and made a thrust at the railing to get at us, ringing a silver bell. Her daughter, however, was more amiable, and allowed us to pat her. They were both as sleek as horses, and had each an attendant watching to administer to their wants.

We then went into the inner durbar-room. In the centre the ceiling was hung with long chains of colored glass beads, and, as the sun shone upon them, the effect was very pretty. The doors were of massive silver, carved all over with hideous gods and goddesses. I wonder why the natives imagine their deities to be so very unpleasing in their appearance. The silver doors were certainly very handsome, but Baptiste, with his plate powder, would have greatly improved them. The room was low, except in the centre, and full of portraits, some of which were dreadful daubs. The Raja frequently slept in the passage, and was taken from it when dying, and carried down-stairs and laid upon mother earth, as is their custom. The staircase

led up to some nice snug sitting-rooms. In the Raja's proper bedroom we were shown a pearl necklace, composed of 2,400 pearls.

We then went to another part of the palace to pay our visit to the queens. The gentlemen had to speak to them through a curtain, but I was allowed to pass behind it, with an interpreter, a Mrs. ——. On going in I found all the six ladies seated on chairs. I salaamed to each, and shook hands. A chair was then placed for me before the first queen, and I was asked to sit down.

As to their costume, as they were in mourning, no jewels were worn, and all had plain clothes, excepting the first queen, who had on a very magnificent green and gold shawl. She was a nice-looking old lady, with refined features, and after shaking hands with me, rarely spoke during my visit. Next to her sat No. 2, a jolly, good-natured, portly old lady, who talked all the time as fast as her tongue would go. She began by drawing my chair close to her, and seizing and squeezing both my hands in hers, said she was delighted to see me, and we had the following conversation.

Mrs. B.—'I hope you were not all much fatigued by yesterday's ceremonies?'

2nd Queen (tears rolling down her fat cheeks).—'My two eyes were not big enough to look at it all! but you must intercede that it may not be all show, but real!

Mrs. B.—'There is no further need of intercession. The boy is crowned, and the British Government will protect his rights.'

3rd Queen.—'We are overcome with gratitude to Mr. B. We know that all the joy we feel is owing to him.'

Mrs. B.—'I should like to see the mother of the young Raja.'

1st Queen.—'We will send for her

Then the second began talking to my husband in Canarese through the curtain, and in a few minutes in came the young Raja and his mother, a very nice looking young woman, with splendid eyes like her son's. She salaamed down to the ground, and then, with all her heart in her eyes, she took up the little fellow and put him on my lap, saying, 'I give my child to you. He is not mine any longer, and you must protect him,' and intercede for him.' Then women servants came in with a silver dish, with a garland of flowers, which the child took and put round my neck, and then placed a rose in my hand, scented by him from a gold scent-bottle with attar. Finally, he handed me a betel-nut, all of which I of course accepted with a salaam.

The little boy was superbly dressed, and had on such a necklace!

1st Queen.—'Do you admire the necklace?'

Mrs. B.—'It is most beautiful, but the child is far handsomer than the jewels.'

At which pretty speech, great satisfaction was evinced by all the ladies.

3rd Queen.—'I see by your face that you love children. Have you any of your own?'

Upon which an explanation followed of the loss of my baby.

2nd Queen.—'You have travelled a long way. Do you like India?'

1st Queen.—"We will show you our jewels. Lady D. could not speak for looking at them!'

2nd Queen.—'You speak more kindly to us than any English lady we have seen. We like you better than any one we have seen.'

But here a message came that I had remained long enough, and that I must come away, so I shook hands with them all, the second queen begging me to ask L. to send them to Benares, that they might finish their religious duties for their husband's soul. The little Raja gave me his two hands, and conducted me out with astonishing self-possession and gravity.

When I got out the gentlemen began laughing at me for staying so long, but I found they were, nevertheless, all curiosity to know what the queens were like, and what they had said.

We next visited the library. The books are all written on palm-leaves, strung together, and compressed between wood, ivory, or silver plates. Poems and fairy tales comprise the literature of the country, and some of the books were illuminated.

We then visited the armory, a most curious collection, but some of the weapons were terribly cruel, and made me shudder! We then passed into a great durbar-room, full now of boxes of treasures. We had one box opened, and looked till we were tired at ladies' clothes made of cloth of gold, worth 1,000 rupees each. We saw shawls by the dozen, and our eyes ached with looking. Some of the boxes were

marked outside with the name of the queen whose particular treasure they contained.

I was attacked by a violent cold, and could not go to the evening durbar, but was told that the little Raja complained of the great weight of his turban, and begged he might have a lighter one, which, I think, shows him to be a very sensible child.

On returning home, we travelled at different hours, and I was glad to see something of the country we had before passed in the dark, parts of which are strikingly picturesque. We entered Bangalore in the evening, and as we drove through the pettah, or native town, we came in for the procession at the close of the Dussera. All the gods and goddesses were being carried on cars with shoutings and tomtoms, the people being painted and got up in most extraordinary costumes, so that it really was a very singular sight, but I was so sleepy and tired that I could hardly take it all in. Thus ended our visit to Mysore, which I thoroughly enjoyed, notwithstanding the fatigue and my cold.

November 16.

I sit down to write to you in a distracted state of mind. I don't know how many times this morning I have said, 'I *shall* lose my temper!' but L. only laughs and says, 'When you do, let me see it!' and then I sit down and laugh. Sometimes I think if I had known the worry, fuss, and expense, no scenery in the world would have induced me to go into camp; but the pleasure of being with L. all day is so delightful that,

after all, I think I shall perhaps not regret it. You can have no idea of the preparations for a three months march. The first detachment has just gone off, and the butler has been in, all smiles, salaaming down to the ground, to inform me he was able to start. He was evidently much pleased, no doubt having taken in the Mem-Sahib (me) nicely, and made a good thing of it for himself.

Just at the last I really had a great deal to think about. What with making arrangements for the camp and for servants left behind, beset by those going, who wanted an advance of wages, coats, and blankets, wives that wanted to go with their husbands, anxious mothers who preferred to stay behind with their children, but wanted their pay all the same, and 'boys' that had fever and could not find substitutes, I was 'sat upon,' and that too on a Monday morning, in my best frock, receiving visitors and friends who came to say 'Good bye!' No wonder I was distracted, and had disturbed slumbers, and that my temper was ruffled,—only ruffled, mind.

Chennapatam, November 18.

The clock struck four, and then it struck five, and a voice said, 'Time to get up.' Then somebody lighted a candle, it being quite dark, and coaxed somebody else out of bed. It was so cold, but Marie soon appeared with a cup of hot tea and toast, and at six o'clock we started. Poor old Poochao, the house-sweeper, came and knelt down at my feet and sobbed. She was not going; she was too old; and, as she does not speak

English, I was powerless to console her. The salute was fired as we passed out of the gates. A Silladar rode on before, and two others followed the carriage behind. As we passed through the native town, which was not yet astir, we saw the people lying asleep, rolled up in blankets in the verandahs in front of their shops. As we went by a temple, an old priest rushed out, and screamed out something that sounded like a curse, but was, I believe, intended for a blessing.

We were travelling in an open carriage, and so cold was it that I wore my wadded velvet jacket, a Scotch plaid over my knees, and a velvet wideawake to keep my head warm, and yet I shivered, yes! shivered in Southern India. As we drove along, there were beautiful lights from the rising sun on the wild rocks, and patches of highly-cultivated land, and vultures were sweeping and careering over the landscape in search of their breakfasts. The sugar-cane and rice crops looked most flourishing in the low wet land under the great tanks, which have all the appearance of natural lakes. Many of these have been most skilfully constructed, giving proof that the natives knew something of engineering, long before English rule and public works were thought of.

When we came in sight of a talook (village), a man with a long brass horn blew a not unmusical blast to announce our approach, and then out came a troop of Silladars on prancing steeds, in their picturesque dresses, and, joining our cavalcade, entered the village, where the Amildar or Magistrate at the head of the population awaited our arrival, with the usual compli-

mentary wreath of flowers, lemons, &c. Then L. spoke to them, enquired about the crops, heard a few grievances, and on we went.

As we turned into the compound at the bungalow, the flag was hoisted, for it always travels about with us, when L. goes on an official tour, and I saw our camp pitched close by. Our tent was a large one, divided down the centre by a passage which went all round, and having two bath-rooms, the exterior of white canvas, and inside yellow and black stuff.

After breakfast, L. went out riding, to visit two curious tombs outside the town, the priests of which turned out in fine dresses, with tomtoms and two dancing girls, doubtful characters, all bedizened with finery, as is the custom when anyone of note arrives at a place.

I went to bed early that night, my first in a tent. It did seem so strange! Such an examination of the bed for fear of a snake! At last I slept, but was awoke often by the horses and other noises. At four o'clock we heard a row, and presently a horse galloping. It charged right at our tent, and stove in my bath-room. I fully expected it to come on to my bed! L. was up instanter, and it turned out to be 'Rex,' who had broken loose, and was amusing himself in an undignified and dangerous manner for his royal person. However, no legs were broken, and the horse-boy was reprimanded with a great many 'woppus lao,' whatever that may mean in Hindostance.

Muddoor, November 19.

Out of bed at five o'clock, dressing by candlelight in a tent. It was so cold, but I had provided myself with a flannel dressing gown, and was soon comfortable in my warm English cloth habit. It seemed ridiculous to put on the large pith hat, with its thick white turban of muslin. 'Fritz' seemed astonished at being mounted by torchlight, arched his noble neck, and looked round in expectation, and was not disappointed, for I had saved him half my toast. Exit from the compound.

Picture the scene, a wild road, with large banyan trees on either side, with their fantastic roots, and great branches stretching far and low. A native going on ahead with the eternal horn, now and again stopping to turn round and blow the cheerful blast. He was followed by two peons, one carrying L.'s gun, and then came our three selves, Capt. C. on a large ugly Australian bay horse, L. on Tsar, the grey Arab, and I riding Fritz, the horse-boy running by my side, with his bare black legs, white knickerbockers, blue cloth jacket bound with scarlet, and scarlet turban. A little way behind, two mounted Silladars, whose costume I have already described as picturesque, more peons, and then the bullock-coach with Marie and Rosalie.

I enjoyed the ride so much, but was glad, after seven miles of it, to get into the palankin, of which this was my first experience. It was a very nice one, painted green outside, and has sliding doors and four little windows, and a sort of shelf with little drawers on the top, and a tin imperial which carries a change of clothes, books, &c. It has nice green leather cushions, and you

can lie down or sit up. It is carried by twelve men, who take it in turn, six at a time, changing every hundred yards. The disagreeables are the motion and peculiar singing of the bearers, rather a dismal ditty, but I soon got to like the one and forget the other.

On reaching the bungalow at Muddoor, the priest turned out of the temple, and a man with the tomtom ran on in front, followed by a horn-man. Such a din! but it means respect, and you salaam and are grateful. Some natives were waiting on the steps with a dish of plantains and flowers, which they did to please us, poor creatures, and I was sorry that I could not speak to them. Crowds of people came with petitions, some of whom lay flat on the ground when they presented them, whining over their misfortunes or peccadilloes. This man has not repaired his tank, and that one has been fined for insubordination, and when L. declines to interfere, they come round to where they can see me, and gesticulate until the peons come and send them off.

In the evening I walked out with L. to a large tank and got on to the 'bund' of it. The ground about Muddoor is white with incrustations of salt! We picked some pretty little flowers, but it got dark quite suddenly, and I was in a fright lest we should step on snakes. I had serious thoughts of asking L. to carry me, but, reflecting that he must know better than I the habits of these bêtes noires, I became reasonable, and we got home safely, dined, and turned into bed early, sleeping soundly.

Mullawalli, November 20.

Started by torchlight, a native running ahead of our horses, carrying a blazing stick, over which, from time to time, he poured oil out of a really elegantly formed brass bottle, which was so pretty that I shall try to get one. It was light by the time we came to the ford, and there was not much water in the river, in which the natives have large melon-beds that answer very well.

The country through which we then passed was stony and barren, but the lights in the mountains were lovely. L. pointed out to me Cubbal Droog, where a great many Englishmen were imprisoned by Tippoo Sultan at the end of the last century. The country became less barren at last, and we passed a pretty little temple on a rock in the middle of a wood by the side of a small stream which we forded. I looked back to see what would have made a charming sketch, blue mountains, green foliage, reddish rocks, white temple, river in foreground, riding party winding down the descent to the bank, and Silladars in scarlet uniforms on grey steeds, altogether just such a sketch as Simpson would have taken.

Soon after, we met Captain C.'s pony carriage, which I got into, for the sun was getting hot. 'Brandy and Soda' stepped out famously, but the road was so bad that we must have been upset, but for the running horse-boys to help us out of difficulties. Just as we reached Mullawalli, Soda performed a very eccentric trick, charging down a steep bank into the middle of a troop of Silladars, sending their horses flying in every direction, and very nearly turning us over. At Mulla-

walli we found the tents pitched around a nice small bungalow, which had been most tastefully decorated with large plantain leaves and flowers, on which evidently great pains had been bestowed by the Amildar to surprise and please us.

I passed a quiet day, and when it got cool we strolled along the high road, out of compassion for my fear of snakes. The country was well cultivated, and a very striking hill rose out of the valley, reminding me of Schloss Eltz on the Moselle. It is inhabited, I was told, by bears, and is very difficult to ascend on account of the jungle.

Sivasamoodrum and Billukwadi, November 21.

Started at half-past five towards the bear-hill, passing round its base. The country was wild and beautiful, with mountains in front of us, but the road so bad that I had continually to get out of the pony carriage and walk.

At last, we reached Sivasamoodrum, a most strikingly picturesque place, on an island in the centre of the river Cavery, closed in on every side by high hills. We crossed the bridge built by the father of the present Jageerdar, an educated man, who built and furnished a bungalow, where he entertained all comers at his own expense. His son met us on the bridge, mounted on a white pony. He looked unhappy, having just lost his second wife, who died of the fever of the Cavery, which is malignant.

As the place is unhealthy, L. had arranged to leave before sunset for Billukwadi, and as the great thing to

be done was to see the Falls before the sun was high, we hurried on somewhat disheartened, for our breakfast basket had not turned up, nor the palankin, so I could not divest myself of my thick cloth riding habit, which was oppressively hot.

However, having taken a dry biscuit and a cup of milk, we hoisted our white umbrellas and 'topees,' and started at once for the Falls. Shall I ever forget it? First, shaken to pieces along the rough road in the pony carriage, scrambling down a rocky path, with the grass above one's head, in fear of my life for snakes and tigers, embarrassed by my long, hot, and heavy habit, and at last the glorious view of the Falls to repay me! Seated in the shade, almost on a level with the river, looking up at the foaming waters rushing over the rocks above, and falling thence a height of 250 feet! a rainbow adding to the general effect.

Scrambling up again in the full glare of the sun, but shaded by white umbrellas, we rested on the top of some big stones under trees near a temple which overlooks the Falls, or, rather, I should call it, the tomb of a Fukeer. Through the doorway we could see the tomb covered over with a scarlet and green cloth, embroidered with gold.

We then drove on, and descended again on foot to the Bhur Chookee, or lower Fall, which, to my mind, is by far the most striking, and here, at last, we got our breakfast under a big tree, with the spray in our faces. The spot is grand and picturesque, but there is a sad story connected with it, a young lady having fallen, or, some say, jumped over the fall, her body

being never recovered, owing to the rapidity of the river rendering it impossible.

After breakfast, we were obliged to leave our shady retreat, and were well grilled before we reached the main road again, where I found my palankin waiting. I was glad to be carried off, the bearers all the while chanting in their quaint way. As far as I can make out, what they say is—

Grandmamma—diddle 'um.
Chorus.—Just so! Just so!
And she is all by herself.
Chorus.—Aye! Aye!
And a rare 'un!
Chorus.—Ah, do! Ah, do!
Charlie is a baboo—oó—oo.
Chorus.—Just so! Just so!

All of which L. declares means 'She is as heavy as an elephant.'

On reaching the deserted-looking bungalow, we found that great preparations had been made during our absence. The Jageerdar seemed to have been puzzled as to what English people would like to eat and drink, and had therefore done his best to satisfy every taste. On the floor were arranged bottles of pickles, champagne, claret, liqueurs, beer, soda-water, a Bologna sausage, cheese, and preserves, while a bat and a rat disputed possession of the apartment. The bullock-coaches having come up, we were able to bathe, dress, and take a nap, and afterwards to partake of the hospitable cheer, of which what we saw on the floor was only a small instalment, soup, a gigantic turkey, a ham, half a sheep, and a chicken curry appearing in due course on the table. We supposed that the Jageerdar

wished to keep up his grandfather's reputation for hospitality.

In the afternoon, he came to visit us, accompanied by two Brahmins, who did all the talking. These men have three painted marks on their foreheads, the centre being yellow and the two others white, and they shave their heads in front, leaving a long tail behind. They wear long white clothes about their persons, and have great influence over the natives.

At five o'clock we started for Billukwadi, and found on our arrival the tents pitched and the dinner ready. A dense population thronged the entrance to the town, and of course we had from the Amildar the usual presents of flowers and fruit.

Bunnoor, November 24, 25.

A swingeing long march of sixteen miles, but, the road being good, we were able to get on well. Fritz was very troublesome, being as fresh as a lark and up to a spree. Bunnoor is a large place, and the people came out to meet us with a perfect din of native music, and a dancing girl who had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes (or ankles). The tents were pitched on a sort of green, surrounded on all sides by ruins of ancient temples, with hills in the distance. The people sent their offerings of fruits and flowers on the most delightful old metal plates, which I really longed to keep, as they were so quaint. In the evening crowds of women came inquisitively round my tent, and I went out with Rosalie and spoke to them. They said they had never seen an English lady before, were half shy, and kept

hiding their faces in their clothes. They had all coughs, I observed, and no wonder, when, in the coldest weather, they only wear a strip of muslin round their persons. The crowd rapidly increased, and I was obliged to retreat. Afterwards we walked out and had a look at the curious remains of the old temples, the carvings of which had been beautiful. There were portions of gilding and painting on the outside, but the gates were locked, and we could not get inside.

Next day L. rode out twenty miles to Nursipoor, getting back to breakfast. He came back much pleased with his expedition, having visited at Somnathpoor a very fine temple built in the time of the Balal Rajas, who conquered this part of the country. He told me the carvings were most beautiful. The square courtyard contained fifteen cells, supported by finely carved pillars, the roofs and entrances of the cells being exquisitely chiselled. It was only four miles from our camp, and I regretted having missed seeing these curiosities.

All the country round Bunnoor is agricultural, but, as the crops are now under water, the place is unhealthy.

Seringapatam, November 26.

Such an interesting day! As usual, we started by torchlight across country, a narrow path between cactus and aloe hedges, ten feet high at least, on either side, so that it was difficult steering to keep oneself and one's horse from being pricked. Before it was light we forded some streams, and skirted the margin of the

Bunnoor tank, when a gleam of daydawn appeared in the horizon. After riding some miles along the top of the tank embankments, we reached at last a little temple on a hill, where my palankin was to await me, but there was no sign of it, and the natives declared it had never been through, while, to add to the *embarras*, there were two roads, and we did not know which the bearers might have taken. L., with a few followers, took one, and Captain C. and I the other. The road was so stony that we could hardly get along, and meanwhile the sun was up, so that I was right glad that I had put aside all thoughts of vanity, and donned my pith hat, a headpiece which, owing to its air chambers, gives the wearer the appearance of having water on the brain. After scrambling along with many interjections, such as 'Steady there!' 'hold up, Fritz!' 'is it safe?' 'had I not better get off?' at last we met a native, who said the palankin had gone on through his village, so we pushed on whenever the stones would permit us to do so, until, joyful sight! I saw the white roof of the palankin, and, a little farther on, we were joined by L.

I don't think I shall ever forget crossing the Cavery river a little later, hoisted on the heads of a crowd of natives, all shouting, screaming, and gesticulating, the river, the costumes, the old trunk of a tree made into a boat, holding the peons, and dragged over by figures wading, while the riding party forded the stream on horseback. A great crowd awaited us on the other side with native music, but the heat was great, and we went on at once to our tents, which were pitched in the

old fort. None of the carts had however arrived, and there was therefore no breakfast for us, but I was treated to, and refreshed by, a draught of milk. It afterwards turned out that the camp had marched thirty miles instead of twenty, and Marie, in her bullock-coach, did not arrive till four o'clock, but still in good humour, notwithstanding. In the evening, I sat in my easy chair on the ramparts, to witness such a grand sunset! quite pink, and reflected in the river, a sort of Turner gone quite mad!

Seringapatam, November 27.

We were lazy to-day, and did not sally forth from our tents before six. It had been arranged that we were to see Seringapatam on an elephant, and one of the Raja's had been sent out from Mysore, but we found it had only a native howdah. I scrambled up by means of a ladder into it, but we found it very uncomfortable, as we were obliged to sit cross-legged in it, so we got out and drove in the Raja's carriage, which had been sent to bring us into Mysore.

The fort is still a very strong place, although very ruinous in parts. A native population lives within the walls, and the mosque in the enclosure is really strikingly beautiful, but we had not time to go inside nor ascend the minarets, from which L. said there was a grand view, as the sun, our formidable enemy, would not allow of our seeing everything, and we therefore gave up the proposed visit to the mosque and temple.

The tombs are about a mile and a half from the

fort. As soon as we reached the gate, we were greeted by a burst of native music from a room above the gateway, a horrid din. What can I liken it to? a band tuning up?, a drummer gone mad? and a clashing and clanging of pots and pans, always fortissimo, with no piano? The priests (Mahomedans) and their attendants were waiting for us at the gate with a State umbrella, and two curious symbols. A long avenue of cypresses, with trim flower-beds neatly kept, led up to the tomb, and I had no idea that I was going to see anything so striking.

On a raised terrace at the end of the avenue stands the tomb, with an arcade all round it, and a mosque on the right-hand side. The base of the building is supported by polished black marble columns, which are very handsome, all the rest being pure white, and adorned with fine carvings. The doors are of ebony, inlaid with ivory, and at the principal entrance hangs a scarlet curtain embroidered with gold. Inside, in the ground, are the three tombs of Hyder Ali, his wife, and Tippoo Sultan, the greatest enemy we ever had in India. Each tomb was covered by a splendid Cashmere shawl, embroidered with gold, all of different patterns. Peacocks' feathers, and other insignia of royalty, lay about on the floor, and incense burnt in a niche, the people still venerating the memory of Tippoo, and calling him 'The martyr,' although he was one of the greatest tyrants that ever lived. We did not go into the mosque, as it is not popular to do so.

In the vicinity of the building are other tombs, all nicely kept, and one kind of grave struck me as a

pretty idea. It was a flat stone, raised, the centre being hollow, and filled in with earth and flowers.

The graves of the English officers close by are a sad contrast to all the pagan magnificence, the ground being overgrown, not a sign of Christianity, and the names on the ugly flat monuments in nearly every case obliterated.

L. carried away a rose from the garden, and sent it to Prince Gholam Mahomed at Calcutta, who is personally known to him.

Near Seringapatam, on the road to the tombs, is the village of Ganjam, in which are twenty Catholic families, all people of high caste, who have built themselves a neat little church, which we visited on our way to the Duria Doulut. We found the little congregation all assembled, and the church very tastefully decorated with ropes of flowers. The statues, made by natives, were somewhat remarkable, and would no doubt be pronounced by some as uncommonly like idols, but I dare say the people appreciate their own ideas of the beautiful, more than anything we could produce in accordance with our notions.

After saying a little prayer in the church, which is only visited from time to time by a casual priest, we drove on to the Duria Doulut, or garden-palace of Tippoo Sultan, which was occupied by the Duke of Wellington for some time after the siege. Government lately gave an order for its restoration, and 5,000*l.* were spent in renewing the decorations, and it is, in its way, quite beautiful. The exterior walls are covered with the most curious frescoes, representing the triumphs of

Tippoo over the English. Everywhere he is represented as complacently smelling a rose, either on horseback, in a palankin, or mounted on an elephant, in the midst of the most dreadful carnage, in which of course the English are shown as getting the worst of it. The perspective is amusing, and legs, arms, and heads are flying off in every direction, but, on careful inspection, the corresponding bodies will be found somewhere. The building is two storeys high, and, inside, the walls are covered with richly-painted arabesques, something in the style of the Alhambra at the Crystal Palace, only far more beautiful, and on a larger scale.

We breakfasted in the centre chamber of the second storey, although it seemed almost out of keeping with the spot to do anything so commonplace, the atmosphere and surroundings of the whole thing making me feel like an Eastern princess in a fairy tale. After breakfast we decided on remaining till the afternoon, so the Brahmins and merchants of Seringapatam came here to see L., who went into the verandah, and, seated in an armchair, listened to all they had to say, whilst they sat cross-legged, without their turbans, in front of him. Such a curious scene! I was a spectator from a balcony above. Afterwards, as it became hotter, I grew sleepy and dozed off on a sofa, my eyes dazzled by gilded walls, and my ears refreshed by the splashing of a fountain in the garden, the singing of many birds, with a pen-scratching accompaniment, for there were L. and Captain C. hard at work, while a delicious breeze laden with the perfume of roses, wafted through the chamber. What a strange incident in my life! I

thought, and then—sleep overcame me, and I hope I did not snore.

At four we started for Mysore. I hardly recognised the Residency, as all had been brushed up and made so pretty by the good taste of Major and Mrs. C. In the evening there was a dinner-party, and imagine Marie's distress of mind, when she unpacked my box, and found she had left behind my chignon, wig-puffs, and all my white gloves. However, she contrived to do up my head, and, *entre nous*, I carried a pair of colored gloves turned inside out in my hand.

Mysore, November 28.

To-day we received an invitation from the Ranees to visit them at twelve o'clock, so I asked Mrs. C. and the other ladies to go with me. We went in state, the gentlemen in uniform, and we drove at a foot's pace, with the men bearing silver lances, and a troop of Silladars. As we drove into the courtyard, the band struck up 'God save the Queen.' Deva Parthiva, the old Raja's favourite grandson, came down to receive us, and handed me upstairs to the Ranees' apartments, where, on one side of the curtain, we found the little Raja sitting cross-legged on a chair. We salaamed, and shook hands. I thought he looked much thinner, and he seemed nervous.

The queens then requested us to go behind the curtain, which we accordingly did. I was not, however, received with the same cordiality as on my former visit, none of the queens rising, though they gave their

hands. Fatima was sulky, saying that many of the servants had been dismissed, and begged Mr. B. would allow them all to be taken on again. Then she said to me, 'Ladies understand these things better than gentlemen.' She constantly cast her eyes up to the ceiling. I told her the crops in Mysore were very fine, whilst in other parts of India famine was expected, but nothing seemed to interest her.

The old Ranee sent for the little boy, and put him on my knee. We had a little chat, he saying, 'Good morning,' in very good English, adding that he remembered seeing me before, and then he presented me with flowers and betel-nut. I saw his sister for the first time, such a pretty child! two years older than himself. I told the Ranees that they ought to have their photographs taken; but Fatima shook her head, and said that, as no men ought to look at their faces, it was impossible. We then salaamed and retired, and the little Raja handed me out, a servant walking backwards before him, and singing his praises, salaaming as he did so.

As we returned to the Residency, there was a great crowd in the streets, and one man rushed after the carriage with a petition, looking very excited; but, on the whole, the people seemed quiet and contented, and are so, notwithstanding all the reductions that have been made in the late Raja's enormous establishments, so judiciously has all been managed.

Mysore, November 29.

We went to mass in the little Catholic chapel, the congregation being almost entirely native, and those

whom I could see were very devout. The priest preached in Tamil very fluently. The natives recite litanies in a peculiar sing-song tone during the mass, which is rather distracting, and when they do sing, they shout in a most deafening manner.

Mysore, November 30.

Drove with Mrs. C. to the summer palace, which contains such a funny collection of valuable things, mixed up with rubbish, pictures, clocks, toys, plaster carts, beautiful Chinese lanterns, and Dresden glass.

Three elephants were in attendance, and Mrs. C. and myself, with Captain C., climbed up into the State howdah on the back of the largest elephant, which is over 9 feet high. We found it a very uncomfortable seat, the great creature swaying about as he walked, and nearly shaking us all out. However, we held on for dear life, and after many perils from branches, horses, and bullocks, not to mention a certain feeling of land-sickness from which we suffered, reached home safely. The trappings were magnificent, the seat of silver, the cloth scarlet, embroidered with gold, and he salaamed with his trunk in the air like a real gentleman. But he swore dreadfully at having to kneel down, and rose up once because the attendants had forgotten to place cushions under his legs, and he found the gravel walk hard for his royal knees.

We received visitors and played croquet in the evening, and went to bed as soon as we could, as we had to start early the next morning. Our camp had gone on straight from Seringapatam to Hoonsoor, our next

halt, as it was a short cut by nine miles, a consideration for a number of people who have to march with baggage. Our camp consists of about 200 persons, which is considered moderate. L. always dispenses with everything that is not necessary, it being unpopular to march an army of people through the country, as they eat up all the supplies. Lord Canning's camp, with that of the Commander-in-Chief, used to muster 15,000 souls, so, in comparison, we travel in a very small way.

Hoonsoor, December 1.

We left Mysore in one of the Raja's comfortable carriages, a salute being fired on our departure. At the end of three miles, we passed the racecourse, with its two grand stands, the scene of much merry-making in the old Raja's lifetime on the occasion of his birthday, when the races annually took place. We stopped for a few minutes at Yelwall, nine miles from Mysore, one of the Government houses, standing on high ground in a well-wooded park, in which are deer and wilder animals, at least such is the on dit.

We posted on through a very barren district, with here and there a small village, and, where water was to be had, a patch of cultivation. At ten o'clock we reached Hoonsoor, the tents being pitched round a comfortable bungalow. Tents are so hot in the middle of the day, that I always rejoice in a bungalow, but L. and Captain C. prefer grilling.

At four, all the villagers came, and, as many as could find room, went into the tents, and sat down on the

ground before L., telling him all their grievances, presenting petitions, &c.

Hoonsoor was formerly a place of some note, being a depôt of the Madras Government, and having large manufactories of military accoutrements, which employed many persons, but were given up as being expensive. It seems almost a pity, as they induced the people to learn, and they were taught many useful trades. Hoonsoor is also a great place for sandal-wood, and we went to see the depôt. On turning the corner of the street, we at once smelt the perfume of the wood, which was positively overpowering in the stores. The wood is not carved or made up here, but is almost all exported to China. . . .

Fraserpett, December 3.

As it became light, I perceived a great difference in the aspect of the country, and we had evidently got into a moister atmosphere. We passed through a real jungle, which I thought very picturesque; but having got, as usual, half-way into my palankin, I had, to my disgrace, a sound nap. A summons to admire the view of Fraserpett awoke me, and it was really beautiful. On the bridge over the Cavery, we were met by the inhabitants, and, after taking in a supply of oranges, lemons, and flowers, were allowed to proceed to Captain ——'s house, which he had placed at our disposal. I now noticed a change in the dwelling houses, which were more substantial, and had thickly thatched roofs. Captain ——'s was quite a cottage *orné*—perhaps *orné* is not the right term, for it looked greatly neglected, and all the nice furniture spoiled.

I had a long sleep in the afternoon, and awoke to find my 'Darby' gone out, so poor little Joan set out to find him, and walked about a mile along a very dusty high road, meeting a herd of 200 buffaloes who, like their drivers, stared with amazement at me. When the cloud they had raised cleared away, a vision of delight appeared in the person of Darby, followed by as numerous a human herd, and, oh! the ingratitude and blindness of men! Darby actually enquired why Joan was so silly (that was the phrase) as to choose a dusty high road for her evening walk, when there were lanes equalling in beauty those of far-famed Devonshire to roam in. Joan could not reply at once, her utterance being choked—with dust!

Santecoopa, December 4.

As soon as it was light, we found ourselves in a dense jungle, with no view out of it. The variety of foliage, however, and the wondrous growth of the trees were a novelty. Every moment I longed to stop the bearers to pick a new fern, or an inviting cluster of roses, or a spray of some lovely creeper. One, a white convulvulus, with crimson centre, had found its way to the topmost branches of large trees, and hung down in graceful masses, a perfect shower of flowers. The air was quite perfumed with the scent of the various blossoms. Up we went, through the wood, higher and higher, and were joined by the Soobadar of the Mercara Talook, and a number of Coorgs in their picturesque costume, with drums and horns. They marched on in front of us, singing a quaint strain, and,

now and then, blowing loud blasts of welcome on their horns till we reached Santecoopa.

We found the bungalow prettily placed on some rising ground, and the tents pitched under some large trees, and then, towards Mercara, such a view! the Abial peak, the coffee plantations, and the dense jungle beneath! I was enchanted, felt quite inspired, and tried to perpetrate a water-color sketch! It was rather like the crow's attempt to sing, and about as successful, but the motive was more praiseworthy.

Mercara, December 5, 6, 7.

Started in the palankin, L. mounted on Rex, up! up! through the wood, till we began to see over the tops of the trees, down into the vallies beneath, with peeps of distant hills. Half-way up the ghat, we were met by Captain and Mrs. C., who had very kindly driven down to meet us, he thinking that I should see the country better in an open carriage. We were joined by more Coorgs, and an orchestra of horns, drums, and fifes, in the midst of which we left L., and drove on ahead, the road being dangerous, lest the horses should take fright at the noise.

The road and scenery are very like a Swiss pass. Before reaching Mercara, we got out to see a cinchona plantation, which did not seem flourishing.

As I am not clever enough to depict Mercara in water-colors, I must try to describe it by my pen. It was a cold fresh morning, with a sharp feeling in the air, the clouds just rolling off the highest peaks of the distant mountains, which looked very blue, while the

near hills were intensely green with coffee plantations. The coffee tree is a bunchy green shrub, with scarlet berries, and a blossom so white, that Captain C. says that, at the flowering season, the country looks as if covered with snow. There were deep jungly vallies between us and the mountains far away, and, on the height on which we stood, a fort, a palace, eastern tombs, a thatched town snug in a hollow, and sundry villas dotted here and there in cosy places. There was a foreground of Coorgs in white or blue coats, scarlet scarfs round the waist, silver daggers and chains, and a large knife fastened in a belt on their backs, and used to force their way through the jungles. They were fine tall fellows, with olive complexions. Captain C. introduced me to the leading officials, who presented fruits and flowers, and then we drove on to Captain T.'s house, which is romantically situated, looking down into a deep valley with the Mangalore and Cannanore ghat-roads winding beneath, the grand Brahmagiri range to the south, and Swami Betta and Tadiandamol to the west. We dined with Captain and Mrs. C., and I had my first drive in a bullock-coach, escorted by not less than twenty torches, enough to set all Mercara on fire, the sparks flying about in the wind in every direction; indeed, we heard next day that there had been a fire in the soldiers' lines, originated, some people said, by our torches.

Next day, all the Coorgs came up in a body, headed by the head Serishtadar, a fine-looking old fellow, and they sat down on the floor of a long glazed verandah in front of the house, and had a discussion with L. about their affairs.

In the afternoon Captain and Mrs. C. took us in their carriage to the tombs of the Rajas of Coorg, handsome buildings with gilt minarets. It is noteworthy that, inside, the stones above the graves of Dodda Virrajendra and Lingarajendra and their two wives are in the shape of a cross. The tombs were covered with flowers, a light was burning, and an attendant came out to present us with fruit. We did not go inside, but looked through the door. Some of the carvings about the buildings are very rich. The two tombs are exactly alike, a third building being a sort of sanctuary, in which the god Shiva is supposed to reside.

The Coorgs themselves do not believe in Shiva, and have no temples, but have a great respect for the god Pan, and the goddess of the Cavery river. They are very superstitious, and believe in wood demons, spirits, &c., and, except at certain seasons of the year, will not enter parts of the forest. Amongst the upper classes there are no conversions to Christianity, and although the children attend the Government schools, the slightest interference in religious matters would be resented at once, so in all the schools it is forbidden.

The Catholic missionaries have a school, not under Government, and after school-hours they give religious instruction to those who like to remain, but only the low castes ever venture to do so. It seems a sad state of things. We can educate them as much as we like, and many of the higher officials are clever and refined in manners, but we cannot convert them.

On the 7th I saw all over the fort, and went into

the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. K. when he was Superintendent. All the Coorgs ask after him with respect and affection, for they say they never had such a Superintendent. Troops now occupy the palace. Horrible stories are told of the cruelty of the last of the Coorg Rajas, a man who ended his days in England. It is said that he used to sit in a bow-window in the palace, and make people run across from the entrance to a stone elephant in the courtyard while he shot at them! In this way he killed all his relations but one sister, who escaped, and is still living. Certainly the Coorgs are much happier under our rule, and they are very loyal.

I expressed a wish to see some Coorg ladies, so one of the head men brought his wife and cousin to see me. They came thickly veiled, but uncovered their faces when in the drawing-room. They were fine young women, with large eyes, and were not very dark. Their hair was worn *en chignon*, only they had splendid gold ornaments on it, and bunches of white flowers. They wore white jackets with short sleeves, embroidered with red cotton, white muslin skirts, embroidered with a narrow gold lace, and very short. Their legs and feet were bare, and round their ankles they had massive silver bands, from which hung a number of little bells, with a silver chain from the band to each toe, held on a number of rings. Their arms were covered with bracelets, and round their necks hung a number of gold chains with jewel ornaments. L. was allowed to be present, but they were very shy. They showed me some work, a sort of fine

embroidery, which they were doing, and with which they ornament their husbands' clothes. They also brought with them all their ornaments, and I showed them my Roman necklace, which is not very unlike what they wear, and it amused them.

In the afternoon, in honor of our visit, all the Coorgs assembled, to the number of 400 and upwards, and had a national dance in front of the old palace in the fort. We drove at a foot's pace, for the crowd round the carriage was so great that it was impossible to go quicker. They went, dancing and singing, in front of us all the way up to the fort, with drums and horns and war shouts. Such a row! I thought every moment the horses would take fright, and be off. All the English had assembled at the front windows of the palace, but we remained below in the courtyard, where we had a better view, and of course it pleased the people to see us among them.

About 200 Coorgs formed into a circle. The first figure of the dance was called Balakata, and was a slow movement, the men all dancing round, singing, and waving about gracefully chowrees (long whisks of hair like horses' tails), with an accompaniment of drums. This was followed by the second figure, called Kolhata, or stick dance, in which each man was provided with a couple of sticks, just like those used at 'La Grace.' They all moved round as before, beginning slowly, with a sort of prancing step, which got quicker and quicker. They kept tapping their neighbours' sticks in time, getting more and more excited, and hitting harder, as if they were going to have a fight, but at a

the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. K. when he was Superintendent. All the Coorgs ask after him with respect and affection, for they say they never had such a Superintendent. Troops now occupy the palace. Horrible stories are told of the cruelty of the last of the Coorg Rajas, a man who ended his days in England. It is said that he used to sit in a bow-window in the palace, and make people run across from the entrance to a stone elephant in the courtyard while he shot at them! In this way he killed all his relations but one sister, who escaped, and is still living. Certainly the Coorgs are much happier under our rule, and they are very loyal.

I expressed a wish to see some Coorg ladies, so one of the head men brought his wife and cousin to see me. They came thickly veiled, but uncovered their faces when in the drawing-room. They were fine young women, with large eyes, and were not very dark. Their hair was worn *en chignon*, only they had splendid gold ornaments on it, and bunches of white flowers. They wore white jackets with short sleeves, embroidered with red cotton, white muslin skirts, embroidered with a narrow gold lace, and very short. Their legs and feet were bare, and round their ankles they had massive silver bands, from which hung a number of little bells, with a silver chain from the band to each toe, held on a number of rings. Their arms were covered with bracelets, and round their necks hung a number of gold chains with jewel ornaments. L. was allowed to be present, but they were very shy. They showed me some work, a sort of fine

embroidery, which they were doing, and with which they ornament their husbands' clothes. They also brought with them all their ornaments, and I showed them my Roman necklace, which is not very unlike what they wear, and it amused them.

In the afternoon, in honor of our visit, all the Coorgs assembled, to the number of 400 and upwards, and had a national dance in front of the old palace in the fort. We drove at a foot's pace, for the crowd round the carriage was so great that it was impossible to go quicker. They went, dancing and singing, in front of us all the way up to the fort, with drums and horns and war shouts. Such a row! I thought every moment the horses would take fright, and be off. All the English had assembled at the front windows of the palace, but we remained below in the courtyard, where we had a better view, and of course it pleased the people to see us among them.

About 200 Coorgs formed into a circle. The first figure of the dance was called Balakata, and was a slow movement, the men all dancing round, singing, and waving about gracefully chowrees (long whisks of hair like horses' tails), with an accompaniment of drums. This was followed by the second figure, called Kolhata, or stick dance, in which each man was provided with a couple of sticks, just like those used at 'La Grace.' They all moved round as before, beginning slowly, with a sort of prancing step, which got quicker and quicker. They kept tapping their neighbours' sticks in time, getting more and more excited, and hitting harder, as if they were going to have a fight, but at a

given signal they all instantly stopped. The third figure consisted of a single combat. One man leaped into the circle with a war-whoop, armed with a long switch and a metal shield, challenging the ring. Then out sprang another, and away both danced. At last they rushed together, hitting as hard as they could. The laws of the game do not allow hitting above the knees, although some, in their excitement, certainly transgressed. The ankles, however, suffered most, and must have smarted terribly after an encounter. When one of the combatants gave in, the other embraced him, to show there was no ill-will. At the end of the third figure, the assembly had a grand flourish, dancing about, and leaping vigorously into the air. The entertainment was brought to a close by wrestling for cocoanuts, the victors coming forward and breaking them open before us.

They then formed into a long line, through which we passed to the carriage. Nothing could have been more orderly than the whole proceeding, nor more respectful than the manner of the people as they followed the carriage out of the fort and up the road. L. stopped and made them a little speech, after which they dispersed. Hundreds of people had assembled to witness the dance, and I shall never forget the scene. The old fort, the picturesque crowd, the fine men in their striking costume, and the graceful manner in which they danced. L. says it is quite unique, and that there is nothing like it in any other part of India.

Good night, and good-bye to Mercara! We were not sorry to leave for one reason. The cold was

making itself felt. Many of the camp were down with fever, and most of our servants had been drinking to keep out the cold, fighting being the result.

Jumboor Báné, December 8.

What a cold morning it was! How the wind howled as I dressed by candlelight, and put on every wrap I could find! Captain C. drove me half-way, over such a road, twisting about, with frightful precipices and glorious views. I shall not soon forget the sensations of that drive. We passed great coffee plantations, and at last reached a valley and a river where we said good-bye to Captain C. I was carried across the river in my palankin, and then through a dense jungle wood, till I reached Jumboor Báné. The encamping ground was very picturesque, just like a park, with a fine view of lofty hills. A tiger had been in possession, I was told, when the tents came up in the early morning, but had disappeared in the jungle.

Somawarpett, December 9.

Left Jumboor by a very steep descent, the road lying through a dense jungle, where it was impossible to get any view, but the wild luxuriance of the vegetation, and the number and variety of the birds, made the ride very interesting. We encamped on some high ground, commanding a splendid view. The town is very clean, and the houses look more substantial and larger than most native habitations. We walked through the place in the evening, to the amusement of the population.

Saniwarsanté, December 10.

About three miles from Somawarpett we came to a bridge, in the centre of which the natives had erected a very tasteful little arch of flowers, and, on the other side, we found quite a crowd awaiting us with State umbrellas, horns, tomtoms, lances, &c., a regular turn-out. They wanted to adorn Fritz with a wreath of flowers, but he decidedly objected to the delicate attention. Tsar, however, quite approved, and stood quietly while he was beautified. In England people send their carriages to walk in procession, but in this part of India it is the custom to send your umbrellas, though only certain persons are privileged to use them. These are called Potails; of whom there are seventeen in this district, one of them having a right to have two lighted torches carried before him as a mark of precedence. No less than nine umbrellas, and the torches, were in attendance to do us honour. The umbrellas are of crimson silk, with gold fringes, or are red and white, of a large size. English horses would be terrified at them and the tomtoms, but Arabs do not seem to object to the display which accompanied us to the end of the march. As it is meant as a compliment, one cannot dismiss the people, but it is very tiresome, as one must go at a foot's pace, and the noise, after a time, becomes wearisome.

During the march we got off our horses, and climbed to the top of the Moree Betta, to see some curious structures, very like our European cromlechs. There are no less than fifty of these odd buildings at the top of the hill. The natives say that anchorites dwelt in

them, but L. doubts this, as there are no signs of smoke on the roofs; but, if they were burial-places, it is strange that no skeletons, or jars containing ashes, have been found in them. Only a few pots, of a form not now in use, were found, with some rusty implements. Some of the pots we have in our house at Bangalore, the rest being in the Museum.

Sukrawarsante, December 11.

I decided on using the bullock-coach, and started most comfortably, but the bullocks were quite wild, and, after the most erratic movements, finally bolted into a ditch, where we stuck fast! I begged by signs to be left where I was, and when Marie came up in our own bullock-coach I got in with her, and jolted on safely to Kodlipett. Here I found the people had turned out, so I put my head out of the window, salaamed, and received a donation of fruit and sticky sugar-candy. Making an interpreter of one of my servants, I thanked the people, telling them how much I admired their country, and hoping they would have fine crops, to which they replied that they were very glad to see me. I noticed that the women and children were very pretty, the young ones being quite fair, but their clothing was scanty up to the age of seven or so, a few silver ornaments round the neck and waist being considered sufficient.

Soon after leaving Kodlipett, I got into the palankin for the rest of the march, and went fast asleep, slumbering till we reached Sookrawarsanté, where the tents were pitched on the side of a hill, with a very pretty

view. Captain C. had an adventure with a tiger the last time he was here, but it made its escape from the party of gentlemen who had turned out to kill it.

Saklaspoor, December 12, 13.

A very pretty march, chiefly over downs, along a woody winding lane, like those of Devonshire. I rode Fritz, wrapped in my Chuddur shawl till we reached Oogahalli, where a Mr. L. has a house and a large coffee plantation, from which there is a superb view over Manjerebad. We remained a few minutes in admiration, and a mile farther on passed the fort of Manjerebad, built by Tippoo, who called the country 'The Misty,' from its being shrouded in mist during his visit. The fort is perched on the top of a precipitous rocky hill, and, as a matter of course, L. went scrambling up to the top. I completed my journey, and found a very comfortable bungalow, and signs of civilisation.

We halted here for Sunday, General —— and his son, who have taken to coffee planting, came in from some distance to lunch. He is called 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' because he can play a sonata, and shoe a horse. He was very chatty. In the afternoon, a man brought me a wild leopard cat, which he called a young tiger. I made a present of it to Marie, who tied it up to the door of the tent.

Belgode, December 14.

Awoke this morning with the dripping of the dew from our tent, the fog being white and dense. However, off we started, I well wrapped up, with my shawl

over my head, and just my eyes peeping out. The bridge over the Hemawati not being completed, we had to ford it, but the mist was so thick that we could not see the other side, and the stream was so deep in the middle that it was up to the horses' girths. Fritz and Tsar went very steadily through, but Rex did not like his cold bath, I suppose, for he began to dance about and plunge in a disorderly manner, so Captain C., who was riding him, went ahead and soon disappeared in the mist. On our reaching Belgode, he had not arrived, which made us anxious, but we found he had paid a visit to a planter friend, and he joined us at breakfast.

The ride was charming, through lovely woods, and our tent was pitched under a giant tree. In the evening we walked out to the jungle, but, coming upon a human skull in the wood, I felt quite disconcerted, and we turned back to the tents. The owls and bats made a great noise in the tree all night, and kept sweeping down upon the tent.

Beloor, December 15.

At Lukhoonda the road, after passing through woods, opened out. The rice fields are here cultivated in terraces on the sides of the hills under tanks, and at certain seasons are kept under water. My bearers had made a short cut, which proved a longer way, and L. having sent back a man on horseback to know why I was so long in coming, my bearers began running, and I was nearly shaken into a mummy.

I shall never forget the view on entering Beloor. It

was most lovely. Green rice-crops, sloping down to the edge of the tank, a fine sheet of blue water, surrounded by large trees, above which appeared the grey walls of the fortress, and the white dome and towers of the famous temple—beyond, the Bababoodun mountains looking purple and blue; in the foreground, the procession come out to greet us, the people in white dresses, scarlet turbans, and scarlet uniforms; a camel, with blue trappings, and a big drum on his back; and a crowd, one mass of gay color, moving along the road, while women, in their bright clothes, were descending the stone steps of the tank, with large brass vessels on their heads. It was, altogether, as beautiful a sight as anything I have seen.

Arrived at the bungalow, we found Captain H., the district officer, and his wife, encamped close by. After breakfast she spent the day with me. I found her very agreeable, and she had two lovely children with her.

In the cool of the evening, we walked to the temple. All the natives turned out to stare, and the road was lined with spectators as soon as we entered the fort. The temple is really very striking, and the carving as wonderful in its way as anything in Europe, only, instead of saints and angels, you have elephants, war-chariots, monkey-faced gods, and hideous monsters. Certainly, there is something very degrading in Pagan art. One of the idols, a huge lion, was visible in a large shed on one side of the building. We were not allowed to go inside, and, in fact, the doors were locked. The temple is said to be 700 years old.

Halibede, December 16.

We passed through a long range of hills covered with jungle, and said to be infested by tigers, but without seeing the whisk of the tail of one even. I suppose we were too large a party, as we heard that a man was killed a little while ago by one on the road, while trying to defend his bullocks.

We found our tents pitched under some fine trees close to the temple, which we went to see after breakfast. We carefully examined the carvings, which are considered finer than those at Beloor, though in the same style. The side chapels contain two gigantic bulls, which are held sacred. There is a fine lake close under the walls of the temple, and the view across it to the hills beyond is very picturesque. There was a fierce sun and a cold wind, and we were not sorry to regain our tents.

Halibede was formerly, no doubt, a very extensive place, but now it has a neglected poverty-stricken appearance. It is probable that much of the destruction was caused hundreds of years ago by the Musalmans, who sacked the place, and were it not for the grand old temple, nothing would indicate its having been the abode of the powerful Rajas who ruled over the west and south of Mysore. In the evening, we walked to the ancient Jain temples, some way from the town, supposed to be 700 years old. The exterior carvings are not so fine as those of the Hindoo temples, but they are more striking, and we were allowed to peep in. Lamps were burning before a great statue carved in black stone. There was much dignity in the figure,

which was as high as the temple itself. Having visited two of these curious buildings, we walked to the third, but the people said that a leopard had taken up his abode in it, so we only walked round it, and got our legs well pricked by the spear grass, a really painful infliction.

Benkipoor, December 22.

A very pretty ride to-day, over an excellent road, so we went fast. Our route lay through jungle, but we did not see even a wild antelope, L. thinking that the scarlet uniforms of the Silladars who accompanied us frightened everything out of sight.

The bungalow is close to the Bhudra, which is a fine river, as wide as the Thames at Richmond, and spanned by a handsome stone bridge. As it was still cool, and the rushing of the clear waters over the rocks gave a refreshing sound, I strolled down to the bed of the river, and seeing how lovely was the view of the Baba Boodun hills, looked about for a snug corner to sketch from, when the voice of the butler above informed me there were plenty of alligators in the river. I did make a sketch, but from the safer ground near the bungalow, not desiring an encounter with a crocodile. In the evening, we walked to the bridge, from which we had a most enchanting view of the sunset, and I felt quite savage with myself for my inability to do justice to its glories on paper.

Shimoga, December 23–27.

Away early, by torchlight, in such a thick mist that we could see nothing of the country. We passed a temple on the road, and the people rushed out with fruits, and threw flowers into the carriage. On reaching Shimoga, we found that great preparations had been made, two arches of evergreens having been erected on the long bridge over the Toonga river, and the regiment of Silladars was drawn up a mile from the town, so that it was quite a gay sight.

L. rode on with Major H. and Mr. C. at a foot's pace, so I passed them in the carriage, and went on to the former's house, a fine large one, about a mile and a half from the town, having a glorious view of the Baba Boodun hills and the Kulus Peak. As the mist cleared away, it was like the rising of a curtain at a play, and as I had no idea there was any view from the house, it was a most agreeable surprise.

We had a very pleasant visit. Major H. is a very clever man, and his wife is charming. She married at eighteen, and has four children, of whom two are in England. She has one lovely little girl called Chickie. C. is a great sportsman. On Saturday he heard of a bear, and went after it, promising to bring it in to show the children, who were all assembled for a Christmas party, and before evening he returned with two baby bears, having killed their mother, which was brought in next morning. He has killed thirty-five tigers, and fifty bears, not to mention other game, so I think he is a public benefactor. Mrs. C. used to be in a perpetual state of alarm, but now, she says, she is

hardened to it. He is going this evening to a wood near here, where a tiger has been killing cattle, and a bullock has been tied up to a tree, as a bait, poor beast!

I drove with Mrs. H. to *the* shop of the place, and we bought up everything in the shape of a toy to be had; but there were nothing but penny toys, which they sold for two shillings. However, we got enough to fill a bran pie for Chickie's party.

On Christmas Day, we went to seven o'clock mass, the congregation, numbering 500, being purely native. The chapel is small, in the form of a cross, but the scene was very edifying. The men of high caste knelt on the right, the women on the left. The dress of the latter, which, I am told, was introduced by St. Francis Xavier, was very neat, a fine white cloth, sometimes edged with lace over the head, and tied in at the waist, descending to the feet, rather like a shroud. They spread a colored handkerchief on the ground to kneel on, and kept the face concealed, all but the eyes. This costume is only worn in church. One or two of the children were remarkably pretty, and covered with ornaments. The low castes knelt behind us in the centre of the church. The men took off their turbans, and have their heads shaved, except a long tuft of hair on the back of the head. Some of them were very fine looking men, and not very dark. They chant out the prayers all during mass, except at the Elevation, when a little band struck up the only tune it *thought* it could play, and which nearly upset my gravity. It was 'God

save the Queen.' The 'Adeste Fideles' was also sung, but it was not much like the beautiful melody we used to hear in Farm Street. We received Holy Communion, and I thought of all in England, as, I have no doubt, you all thought of us a little later.

Of course all the station dined in their best attire at Major H.'s that evening. Mrs. H. looked very pretty in a black net dress, embroidered with white floss, very *distinguée*, with scarlet flowers. Mrs. B. wore her violet satin, her boddice adorned with a jet necklace, which Mr. B., who has a taste of his own, considered too like mourning for a time of rejoicing, though he told her confidentially that he admired her toilette very much. Another lady wore a blue silk, trimmed with an Isle-of-Wight-lace tunic and a gold tiara, and a fourth appeared in her wedding dress of plain white silk, with fair hair and blushes for personal ornaments. Mrs. ——, bored at finding herself compelled to live in Shimoga, did not trouble herself to dress her fair locks, but appeared as she rose from her couch, rough as a terrier dog. Being at heart a dear little woman, she cheered up in the genial company, and forgot the four wee children the dear woman had left in the shoe, so worried she did not know what to do. She became the life of the party, and distinguished herself by valiantly killing a scorpion during the absence of the gentlemen, putting her dainty little foot upon it amidst general applause. Then Mrs. —— played the 'Silver Trumpets' so exquisitely that Mrs. B. fancied herself once more in the

Eternal City under the great dome, in presence of ——. This was followed by songs, and then more than one person was observed to yawn, and the party separated after a chorus from the Christy Minstrels.

Coompsee, December 24.

Instead of returning to Bangalore, as originally planned, I have come on with the camp, as everyone said it was a great pity to be within sixty miles of the finest waterfalls in the world, and not to see them.

I am writing in L.'s tent. It is blowing a gale of wind, and we have just had the tent-ropes tightened. The rapid changes of climate in Mysore make the country very trying, and the only way to meet the difficulty and counteract bad effects is to pay great attention to clothing. In the morning, from six to nine o'clock, I can comfortably wear warm woollen stockings, flannel vest, a petticoat, and my wadded velvet jacket. Before breakfast I bathe, and then dispense with several of these articles; and at three, when I take my siesta, I am glad to throw off as much clothing as is compatible with propriety. But, before starting for my evening walk, I wrap myself up again, though not so extensively as in the early morning.

We found the old fort of Coompsee in a very ruinous and filthy condition, uninhabited, and doubtless deserted because it is unhealthy, as it well may be with a moat of stagnant water; and I should have left the place with an unpleasing impression had we not found the town itself very neat and clean. The verandahs in front of the houses are generally painted with broad

white and red stripes, and bamboos had been put up here and there, from which they suspended strings of leaves—a simple style of decoration in honor of L.'s visit.

Anantpoor, December 29.

As Mr. C. is coming to the Falls on purpose to drive me, so he says, I was of course consigned to his care; but when it was daylight he gave the reins over to me, and I felt much less nervous driving myself, though it was so cold that my hands were quite benumbed.

The road was very pretty, running through jungle, with a peep, from time to time, of the distant country. The jungle was high, beautiful graceful clumps of bamboos meeting over our heads, and forming natural arches across the road. The latter part of the drive was through a splendid avenue of Dhoopada trees for at least three miles, up to the bungalow; and so lovely was the avenue, that to see it was worth the whole journey. The Dhoopada is a giant, with large deep-green leaves and round foliage, with perfectly scarlet masses here and there—not of flowers, but of leaves just turning. The whole way down the avenue the Amildar had put up bamboos, with strings of green leaves and scarlet flowers across the road, which added to the general effect. All the town had turned out, and we found a great crowd, with a deafening concert of tomtoms, at least half-a-mile from the refuge of the bungalow.

We had a scorching sun and high wind all day rendering the tents unbearable. About three o'clock

L. saw the people of the place, who assembled by hundreds, and heard all they had to say. Many, however, remained squatted near the tents after the rest had gone, waiting to waylay us when we strolled out in the evening, either for the pleasure of staring at us, or to present petitions. There is one peculiarity about the natives, namely, that they never consider a decision as final, and will go on appealing for years. Hundreds of petitions are sent in about matters that have been finally settled years before; and some petitioners have followed us about the whole of this tour, turning up wherever we go, with the old story.

I walked with L. to the old fort, to see a big gun, which had, however, been blown up. The fort is a picturesque ruin, and as we turned to leave it the scene was very striking. On one side the sun was setting in golden glory over the grass-grown walls, and at the same moment the full moon was rising in silvery beauty in a cold blue sky, reflected in a large sheet of water. Altogether it was a lovely scene.

We returned through the town, followed by a large crowd, who were kept at a distance with difficulty. Even the animals seemed astonished at a blue petticoat, and buffaloes and dogs appeared eager for an onslaught.

Saugor, December 30.

Started by moonlight. I drove all the way, directly it was light. The road ran through a jungle of wondrous foliage, and there was an interesting variety of birds—hundreds of small green parrots with long

sweeping tails, jungle fowls, jays, paddy birds, and large vultures of different kinds- all looking up their morning meal. We passed a second beautiful avenue of the Dhoopada trees, and found our tents pitched on some rising ground; but it was very hot all day. This is a great place for sandal-wood carvings, and the people brought up some pretty specimens, and presented me with a flower carved in sandal-wood, which, however, I was not allowed to accept. I ordered a plain box for my valuable lace—a thing I really wanted.

A native, who is to accompany L. through the wild country, called, and I was introduced to him. He was a Jain, and a man of property, but had somewhat the air of a savage in his appearance, having nothing on but a linen cloth about his loins, and a green cloth jacket, the worse for wear. Of course I smiled and salaamed, and he left some sugar-canes and sweetmeats. One kind of sweetmeat is very good. It is called 'halwá,' and is made of camel's milk and almonds, and is brought by native boats from Arabia.

Talgoopa, December 31.

On our road, we passed a dead bullock by the wayside, upon which at least fifty large vultures were feasting. We met large droves of bullocks and buffaloes coming from the coast, laden with sacks of salt and fish; while, on returning, they carry on their backs grain for exportation to the famine-stricken provinces; so that, although the crops were splendid this year in Mysore, prices are expected to be as high as ever.

The view from the new bungalow at Talgoopa is very picturesque. It stands on the top of a rocky hill, looking over a large sheet of water, a deep blue lake in the morning light, on which floated quantities of large white and scarlet water-lilies, with their large green leaves, the red earth of the road, the grey rocks, and the varied shades of green in the dense woods beyond forming an effective contrast; while, in the far distance, the hill ranges near the Gairsoppa Falls peeped out in hazy indistinctness. I spent all the morning in trying to make a sketch, which I pronounced to be a daub. Mr. C. said he would sit and do duty as a foreground. He came, and sat near me, bewailing his hard fate—only twenty-six, and wanting to go home dreadfully, but not being able to accomplish it. The bright side of the picture is that he is one of the most fortunate men in the Commission—with a good appointment, a very pretty wife, and fine children.

Gairsoppa, January 1, 1869.

The Ghát road is a zigzag like the St. Gothard pass on the Italian side, and when we reached it the view was so beautiful down into the valley that I was persuaded to remain in the carriage: and as we walked the horses, with the horse-boys at their heads, there was no danger. Once I was obliged to get out, a bridge over a brook having been made with nothing but a few sticks, and mud plastered over them, and it was so insecure that it bent with the weight of the carriage.

We are now in the Bombay Presidency, out of L.'s

jurisdiction, but the other side of the river belongs to Mysore. We found a very dirty, tumble-down bungalow, with a few tables and chairs, all ailing, the wood being so dense that it was difficult to pitch a tent.

As soon as L. came up, we proceeded to the Falls, the platform on which the bungalow stands being so high that nothing could be seen beyond the river and the wood, but a mighty roar of unseen waters prepared us for what we were to see.

After following a steep descending path through the wood, we came upon some enormous boulders of rock which, during the rainy season, are covered with water, and, scrambling over these for a few yards, found ourselves at the edge of the fearful abyss. I crawled on my hands and knees, L. holding me, and looked over a sheer drop of 820 feet! the waters rushing over to the left of where I lay. Hundreds of pigeons were flying in and out of the clefts in the rocks. It was a fearful precipice to look over, and yet there was a sort of fascination about it. There is not much water now in the river, but one can imagine what it must be in great floods. The people say that the spray is then so great that the pool at the bottom cannot be discerned. There are four Falls, all from the same level, the largest being called the Raja, the next the Roarer, the third the Rocket, and the last the Dame Blanche, but in great floods they are united in one grand stream.

After leaving the rocks, we walked through the wood to a platform a little below the Falls, a rather rough affair made of only a few planks fastened to some trees. From this you only see the two latter

Falls, but they are certainly wonderfully beautiful in their graceful shoot from the rocks, and the height inspires you with an irresistible feeling of awe. After a few minutes spent in silent admiration, we climbed up again to the bungalow, and enjoyed our breakfast in the verandah, although it was rather a windy repast.

In the cool of the evening, we again descended to the Falls, and peeped once more over the yawning abyss, the gentlemen being very rash, and making me quite nervous by standing so near the edge. We afterwards crossed the Raja fall, a few yards above the actual descent of water, on a rough bridge made of a few logs of trees tied together with bamboos. It was giddy work, but I did not feel afraid, and we then climbed the rocks between the Raja and the Roarer Falls, and, going on our hands and knees, looked over. The view looking down the ravine, with the sunset lights on the hills beyond, was perfectly beautiful, and quite repaid us for the fatigue.

January 2, 3.

Descending through the wood the next morning, we crossed the river above the Falls, scrambling over the great boulders of slippery rocks, which even the gentlemen said was hard work. When we reached the final bridge above the Roarer, my courage gave way, and I declared I could not cross, but, after saying an 'Ave,' I took L.'s hand, and on we went together. There was no real danger, but it looked so very perilous, and the roar of the waters shook one's nerves.

The palankin had been ordered to meet me across the river higher up, but it was not there, so I had to walk, which, as it was cool and shady, was no great exertion.

Mr. C. went out to shoot bison, but returned unsuccessful, though he captured a baby bison, a few days old. It was a good size and made a great row, crying after its mammy, and, although two buffaloes were secured for its maintenance, it refused to be comforted.

We spent all Sunday at the Falls, but how could it be to me a happy day, with the prospect of L. leaving me the next day! I was very miserable, and not at all well, the exertion of the day before having been too much for me, as exposure under an Indian sun tells at once. I was feverish and weak, and L. gave me some quinine. The previous evening, fireworks and torches were flung over the Falls, and the effect was, I believe, beautiful, but I became so faint just as we were starting to descend through the wood, that I had to be dosed with brandy, and L. would not let me go.

We had a great deal to arrange, as carts could not proceed farther, and the camp was divided, bullocks being hired to convey L.'s tents, and coolies to carry provisions, and as there is a difficulty in procuring food in the mulnad, everything eatable that could be spared had to be sent with him. 'Green Jacket,' the native who was to show L. the way, came to see me with his son, and brought me honey tied up in plantain leaves, but, as we could not understand one another's language, an amusing dumb show followed, he salaaming and I smiling alternately.

Tulgoopa, January 4.

L. walked down with me through the wood, and confided me to the care of the other gentlemen, placing me in the mail phaeton, with a warm eider-down quilt over my knees, for, in the deep jungles, it is bitterly cold when the sun does not penetrate them. Good bye! kisssing of hands! handkerchiefs waving (and used!), and away we go up the ghat, with such a view of the valley and Falls, but I only saw it through very dim glasses, and it was hard work to wring from me a note of admiration that morning.

At Talgoopa, a native came up to the bungalow with the skin of a tiger he had shot, on which Mr. C. gave him the usual reward; and presented me with the skin and the claws. His room in the bungalow presented a curious scene, office tables, with piles of papers, being in one corner, the young bison in another, and, as a centre piece, the buffalo, which had been got in to keep the little savage quiet. Its piteous cries made it impossible for me to enjoy my siesta.

The weather has become much hotter, and the air in the evening feels like that of an exotic conservatory. The gentlemen drank milk punch, and grumbled at their lot, in having to pass the best part of their lives in India, while my thoughts wandered over the distant hills to a little tent somewhere, with somebody in it, all alone.

Saugor, January 5.

I am getting quite a crack whip, and drove all the way. After breakfast, the people came with sandal-wood carvings, but everything was very expensive—one box being 30*l.*, and nothing less than 6*l.* It was so hot that when I went to the tent to wash my hands for lunch, it was like an oven, and the towels were quite hot.

Anantpoor, January 6.

Enjoyed another hot day, which is, however, far preferable to the cold east wind, which dries and chafes the skin like frost in England.

We arranged to go a double march to-morrow. I went for a walk, and the air was scented with sweet-smelling creepers. Captain C. rode Fritz, who is so handsome. What a sensation he would create in *the* Row! Small head and ears, wide distended red nostrils, with a long tail just escaping the ground, which he carries like a plume.

Shimoga, January 7.

Such a disturbed morning, and no sleep after three o'clock; dogs barking, horses neighing, and men chattering all round the tent; so I got up, and started at five in the palankin. At the seventh milestone, Mr. C. put me into the mail phaeton, and we nearly had a bad accident. Going down a steep hill, Ruby made a snap at Topaz, and the latter kicked over the bar and Ruby's trace. I thought he must come down on the stony road, and I jumped out; but the horse-boys

stopped the horses, and, with the aid of a Silladar, the harness was undone, and Topaz extricated from his difficulty. No harm was done, except that one of the horse-boys was bitten in the arm.

I was so lazy the next day. The first thing I heard was that Major H. and Mr. C. had gone after a tiger, which turned out to be a panther. He came out of the jungle, when Mr. C. fired from a tree, and the animal fell. They got down, thinking it was dead, when it jumped up, and sprang back into the jungle, but charging out again, sprang upon one of the beaters, clawing his head and throat. Major H. thought the man was killed, but the panther again retreated into the jungle, and the man was saved, and brought into the hospital. Natives are very superstitious, and frequently die when bitten by wild animals from fright, and a conviction that they cannot recover. Major H. related to us how all the camp followers, and the friends of the man had crowded round him, saying, 'Your hearth (cooking place, literally) will be desolate! your wife a widow! and your children orphans! You are indeed a man dead!' Major H. boxed one man's ears, but could not help saying that their expressions were very sympathetic. The mother came, and flung herself at his feet, poor thing! The people insisted on his walking between yellow water and black water, a superstitious practice supposed to be beneficial. The poor fellow died, however, and his hearth is indeed desolate.

Bangalore, January 18.

I was so dreading the long journey into Bangalore by myself, when I learnt that Mr. M. was also going in, so that, if anything should happen, he can pick up the pieces. I was really sorry to say, 'Good-bye,' and pretty Mrs. C. looked half envious, as going into Bangalore from the districts is looked upon in the light of a trip to Paris, or a run up to town in England. Well! off we went at last, a motley procession—*Dignity*, in the person of a mounted Silladar, followed by *Necessity*—that is, two torch-bearers in birthday suits—and *Discomfort*, personified by three bullock-coaches. As soon as we were fairly out of the gates, I proceeded to undress, and then began our troubles. The road was not good, and the coach jolted and swayed to and fro in an eccentric manner, so that being at sea was nothing to it, but, alas! there was no steward to bring the needful. I lit my lamp, and tried to read, as we crept slowly up the hills, but oh! the descents! Three men, who ran by the side of the bullocks to keep them on the road, shouted, twisted their tails, and poked them with sticks, the Jehu flogged, and away they tore, full gallop, regardless of everything. It was trying to one's nerves, and the more so, as, if anything did happen, there was nothing for it but to turn out in nightgown and bare feet. After fourteen hours of this misery, we reached Cadoor. Half the night we travelled through jungles, which were all on fire in parts, and they lighted up the sky, while the flames roared like a waterfall. No doubt, the fires were miles off, but they seemed so near that they terrified me.

I don't think I ever enjoyed a cup of tea so much in my life as I did the one given me on arriving at Cadoor. After dinner, we started again for another fourteen hours. The road was worse than the day before, and in the middle of the night I was so worn out that I nearly fainted. On reaching Tipatoor I was dead beat, but the bungalow was a miserable place, and Mr. M. begged me to go on to Toomkoor, so away we went again, such a wearying journey, and sleep impossible. At last, I slept from sheer exhaustion, and awoke to find myself before a palatial residence; and you may imagine how glad I was to find myself in a comfortable bed in a large airy room.

We left the kindly shelter and friendly house of Mr. and Mrs. P. in their carriage drawn by bullocks, and at Nellamungalum my own carriage met me, and, after dinner, I drove into Bangalore.

I am now all right again, Dr. O. having come to see me, and laughed at my bullock-coach experience.

Bangalore, February.

I am very glad we are to run away from the heat this year, for it is setting in early, but Nundidroog, where we are going, must be very much like being on board ship, the space on its summit being so very limited.

All the boxes have arrived at last safely, and nothing is spoilt. I laughed at the remarks attached to each article, but you made a great omission in not telling me which is the front and which the back of the bonnet and the toilettes, all very puzzling to us in these re-

mote regions. The photograph of the Princess of Wales, with her boy on her back, is charming.

Marie is gone to the marriage of Mrs. C.'s nurse, who has deserted her mistress for a gunner in the artillery. M. holds herself high, and said she should see what company she was to be in before she decided to go on to the *dejeuner*. She was greatly pleased at L.'s giving her the carriage, in which she has just driven away, very neatly dressed, the Arabs prancing, and two running horse-boys in scarlet and white, so she will create quite a sensation, and, perhaps, be taken for the bride.

I was up at six, and took a nice ride this morning. Fritz was so fresh, and seemed to think it was a lark to have such a light weight on his back, instead of the heavy Sowar galloping him round the compound, so he danced and frisked about, while Tsar looked at him complacently, as much as to say, 'What a foolish prig you are! see how well I behave!' I really do believe Arabs almost talk.

Nundidroog, February 21.

We were off at five in the light office-carriage, with the little Arabs, the bullock-coach following with the rattletraps. It was quite dark, and the stars did little to enlighten our way, so we had flaming torches, and a very nasty smell as the consequence, till the sun rose, a blood-red ball, behind some hills in the distance. The country was very wild for miles, with gigantic boulders of rocks, tossed about here and there, but, after a time, the soil began to look more fertile, and

the little Arabs stepped out famously, coming in quite fresh at the first station, eight miles. Here Black Prince and Erebus took their place, but the former became alarmed at the tomtoms, which the people had brought out, and no sooner was he in the carriage than he began a series of plunges, refusing to go on. At last, with some persuasion, he went off with a rush, which was very trying to my nerves, and continued very cheerful for the rest of the stage, which was very inconsiderate, as the road seemed to me to be constantly on tank embankments, or, in other words, on the top of a wall, and, of course, we met some gipsy tribes just in the most awkward place, with herds of cattle and donkies, bearing small stacks of wood. However, we reached Devanhalli safe, and changed horses, Gay and Melbourne bringing us on to the foot of the Droog. We left the high road, and came along a cross-country track, which was very sandy.

At the bottom of the hill I got into a tonjon, or chair, L. walking up a precipitous flight of steps from the plain to the top of the Droog. The view from the bottom is wonderful, the great rocky mountain rising in a precipitous manner, and its gigantic sides looking ready to fall and crush you. It is a natural fortress, and its strength has been increased by a double wall and bastions, wherever it was capable of ascent, so as to render it quite impregnable. All this time the sun has been getting up, and is blazing, so I was grateful for a hood over the tonjon, from which hangs a scarlet cloth. Eight men lift the pole on their shoulders with a sort of whoop, and, shouting and singing at the

top of their voices, away they go. It was a fine study of the human form divine, as they only sported turbans and fig leaves. They went very fast, only stopping to change men from time to time, one man seeming to command the others, and slapping them all round in turns. Here and there we went short cuts, and did the four miles in an hour and a half, very good going, considering the steepness of the ascent, and as we got higher and higher, the air became cooler and cooler. We passed within the two walls, and leaving a pretty woody hollow on the right, arrived at the highest plateau, with the great grey house in front of us. It is fully exposed to the powers of the air, is very substantially built, and is very handsome, having cost Sir M. C. 4,000*l*. We were told it was all so clean! whereas it was deep in dust, the accumulation of years, all the bedding was dropping to pieces, as also the furniture, and everything was in its wrong place. It was an amusement getting it all in order, but the servants object to the Droog entirely, owing to the cold, so there was a general distribution of blankets and coats, but they sit curled up, looking like martyrs, and shiver with great effect whenever I look at them. The thermometer was 62° this morning in doors, while at Bangalore it was 87°.

The rock falls away precipitously from the house, and looking over the wall down on the plain below, you have a grand view. Near the house there is a little postern gate, whence there is a lovely scene, for, from this spot, you see for miles and miles the little villages dotted about, numerous tanks, and hills covered

with jungle, lighted up by sun-gleams. There are hundreds of wild roses, and at the house belonging to Captain ——, where pains have been taken with the garden, the flowers are in great profusion. L. is investigating all the nice dangerous paths, and goes out alone, regardless of my remonstrances, being quite delighted when he finds any extra steep place.

We are thirty-five miles from Bangalore, and have two posts a-day, so work goes on all the same. I have a table in the office, which is so (out with it) jolly!

Nundidroog, February 26.

How can I have news of interest for you, living up here as I do, on the top of a hill 4,800 feet above the sea, in an old fort? To-morrow, however, there will be an event in the arrival of our Bishop, and Marie and I have been busy in making an impromptu chapel for him.

I am studying ornithology. The rock abounds in kites, hawks, and eagles, and the other day Marie put the leopard cat, her special pet, outside the house, tied to a chair, when a kite swooped down and caught it up, but, as he could not manage the chair, he had to let go. He returned, however, with five others, so Marie had to rush to the rescue.

Last week the natives killed a panther, and brought it up to show me. Though very small it had killed a cow. Did I tell you that, just before leaving Bangalore, L. killed a cobra which had swallowed a green snake, half its own size, while the latter, on being opened, was found to contain a toad?

We are expecting a succession of visitors, our first being the T.'s, fresh from England. I shall feel inclined to sniff round them like a dog!

Nundidroog, March 7.

I suppose it is the correct thing to begin with the weather, and one cannot but feel compassion for the unfortunate people frizzling down in the plains, as, from our airy position, we contemplate the misty landscape simmering in the heat below.

The house has been brushed up, washed, and dusted, and looks quite smart; children's merry voices make the walls ring again; there is feasting in the dining-room, singing in the drawing-room, and the old days have come back to the musty, fusty, neglected house, the grandeur of which had departed.

The dear good Bishop was carried off in the tonjon by a crowd of naked natives, shouting and singing to their god Ramanoo, and, as the sound of their voices died away down the ghat, that little excitement was over.

Nundidroog, April 2.

I really am ashamed of myself! I, your special correspondent, who promised you a communication once a week! Well! put it down to the atmosphere of the place, which is essentially lazy. The big four-post beds make one snore to look at them, the glare to wink, the gusts of wind to nod, the old-fashioned sofas invite one to lounge, the easy chairs to snooze, the stillness, the monotonous tick-ticking of the clock, and

a general buzzing of insects, are so many lullabys to repose. At four o'clock in the afternoon, a stray traveller, coming into the house, might fancy himself in an enchanted castle, and find sleeping beauties or uglies in every corner of the place, save one, into which there is no admittance except on business.

So much, as an excuse. But our distant position makes other people very busy, and the road hence from Bangalore has not been so wide-awake for years, and will require mending before long. Mr. Smith, the hotel-keeper at Bangalore, says his horses and bullocks have never been so worked, what with wagonettes for the Sahibs and Mem-Sahibs, transits for the ayas and children, trollies for the luggage, and palankins or tonjons for the ghât. Then, the fast-running coolies, who do the thirty-five miles every day (the road being divided into five stages, with a man at each), with bread, meat, and vegetables, ice, and letters, while natives from the neighbouring villages scale the rocks, with fresh fish from the tanks, game, poultry, milk, grain, and what not. And, then we sit, and enjoy the good things.

'And who are *we*?' you ask. Well, let me see. There is interesting Mrs. ——, with her small beautifully-shaped head, with thick plaits of rich auburn hair wound about it, with large brown eyes, who is carried about in a tonjon by eight natives with fig leaves, singing their quaint wild chant. She is always so gentle and quiet, and has a sweet low voice, which says, 'Quite well, thank you,' which is anything but true. With her is Miss ——, who is full of life and spirits, trotting

about with a stout stick, up and down, or galloping a pony round the hill, and enjoying it 'Oh! so much!' She will sing for you by the hour, with a full rich voice, which it is a pleasure to listen to, and will croquet you to Jericho, if you give her a chance. She and Mrs. ——, with a small child, live in a queer little house, perched on a precipitous rock, half-a-mile down, their nearest neighbours being a colony of monkeys, who look in now and again.

Higher up is Mr. D.'s house, occupied by a host of people, it being a most elastic place. First, there is Mrs. ——, a very sprightly hospitable dame, who may be seen at an early hour in the morning, *à la bergère*, in an undeniably short costume, knowing little hat, locks flying in the wind (mane down her shoulders), looking after her cows with, *on dit*, a silver crook and milk pails. As, however, no very early hour sees the light of my countenance, I cannot say if this is correct.

Then there is tall, graceful Mrs. ——, with a chignon of golden hair, and five little ——s in tow, of various ages. Two fine boys are to be sent shortly to England round the Cape, the thought of which gives poor mamma a heart-ache. Pretty little Cecie, with her lovely dark eyes, sidles up to L. every evening on the croquet ground, and whispers 'Chocolate, please.' The sweet little pet gets carried into the house for some, of course. Then two babies, in the arms of two smart ayahs, with rings in their noses and ears, wrapped in bright cloths.

Higher still, the Nundi house, looking so grey and solemn, and, inside, smelling sweetly of flowers, stolen

from a certain garden hard by, belonging to the other house on the droog, which, though taken, still remains unoccupied.

In one corner, on the ground-floor of the house, in a long low room, lives Marie, my factotum, a very busy person, who keeps the native tailor, who sits cross-legged on the floor, busy also, while a half-caste girl, decidedly pretty, but looking, like the atmosphere, lazy, plays with a handsome wild leopard-cat.

All day long this is the way things go on. Peon, from above, 'Mrs. L.! Mrs. S. wants lemonade,' or, 'Mrs. M. wants beef tea,' or, 'Mrs. F. wants chicken-broth for baby.' or butler calls, or cook calls, or Beebee Sahib (self) calls, the cows come up to be milked, or the hens must be fed, or stores are wanted, or wine has to be opened.

In the large room above are two ayahs with a baby, *mater familias* sitting, sipping lemonade and fanning herself. On the opposite side Mrs. M. doing nothing in particular, but beef-tea awaits her attention, whilst she is absorbed in contemplating a toddling little darling, on whom an ayah gazes with fond admiration. A Mahomedan walks backwards and forwards outside the door—a sharp faithful servant, and watchful, but with one eye wide awake to his own interests.

In another room is Mr. G. reading a novel, his arm in a sling, and a big cheroot in his mouth, puffing away like a chimney. Between him and the room opposite two native servants are fast asleep on two mats, where they are to be found all day long in the same intellectual condition. A third, a very old man, sits near

them, with a lot of bottles before him, his occupation being that of a cooler.

In the next room, which is cool and dark, there is nobody; but in the sitting-room leading thence, which smells of smoke and is hot, may be seen the big spider hard at work, and sometimes there is a little spider by his side. There is a very official-looking table, with piles of papers and some maps. 'My dear, don't speak to me,' or, 'there's a peon coming,' or, 'now, go away!' but the little spider is refractory, and says, in reply, 'Bother the peons!' and bullies unmercifully the grand official person, who sits at the official table, before the big official papers.

Now, you know *who* we are. As to *what* we do? Well, at nine, prayers, breakfast at half-past, after which chat and disperse, L. to pen and ink, K. to paint and brushes. Tiffin at two, when we all meet; and at three the ladies go napping, to reappear at half-past five, when we walk, or sit on the edge of the rocks, lazily gazing on the lands below us, and revelling in the golden sunsets which illumine them.

Or we play croquet, and as the game goes on, the scene becomes animated. It is fast getting dark, and Captain A. calls Miss B. 'a wretch,' and Mrs. C. calls Mr. D. 'a horror'; and, as it grows darker, and lanterns are called for, you may hear, in mysterious whisper, someone entreated to 'kill Mrs. B.,' or to 'put Mrs. B. out,' and so on, until the bell rings, and there is a general 'Good night.'

After dinner, in the house, bézique and music divide the time, until Mrs. B., being herself overcome with

sleep, suggests that 'Dear Mrs. —— looks very tired,' or 'Mrs. ——, you seem very much fatigued;' and so the party breaks up for the night.

Then follow cigars for the gentlemen, and toast and water for the ladies; and people ascend their ladders into the big beds, and sleep till morning, unless there happens to be a chase after a lizard, or a dash at a scorpion in the bath-room—things not pleasant, but which will occur at times in the best regulated families in this part of the world.

Nundidroog, April 14.

Last week we had a great storm, which has cooled our atmosphere. The peculiar smell of the earth gave warning of the coming rain, and it was a curious sight to watch the storm sweeping up, and hiding one peak after another, with sudden bursts of sunshine on the tanks and clusters of trees in the plain below. In one direction we saw a waterspout, and watched it with our opera-glasses, the sun shining on it, and giving it the strangest appearance, like a column of flame. At last the clouds gathered, and swept over the top of the droog, when down came the refreshing rain with a pleasant patter on the stone balcony.

Mrs. M. has had a great deal of trouble with her servants since she came up here. Her ayah and nurse —the latter a half-caste woman—did not like the droog, and pretended to be ill. The apothecary found out that they were both shamming, so they were sent away; but as the half-caste refused to walk down the ghat, she was carried off by two natives in a blanket strung on a pole! Mrs M. has come out of her room for the

first time since her late illness, and is lying on the sofa, looking pale and languid, the lovely brown eyes being bigger and browner than ever.

Her husband has arrived. L. and I, perched on a rock, with opera-glasses, employed ourselves, sister Anne fashion, in spying and reporting his progress. It is one of the great amusements of the place to watch people climbing up the ghat, as we can see our friends miles off an hour or two before they can possibly arrive.

We have had the house full all the week, and every one is delighted to get up here for a little air. I was quite sorry to see Mrs. H. and her two fine little boys depart. They were so good, and charming playthings. They came to dessert every evening in their night-gowns and dressing-gowns—such pretty little figures.

Nundidroog, May 29.

We really are on the move. The monsoon has burst, and we have had one tremendous storm. I never heard such loud thunder. It was like parks of artillery, and the lightning was incessant, forking in every direction. The mountain has put on its nightcap of mist, and is anything but agreeable now as a residence.

Marie left yesterday, and the native servants have it all their own wicked way. All the heavy baggage went down the ghat the day before on the bare backs of fifty coolies, and the house is reduced to its pristine state of bareness and discomfort. There are storms of high winds and rain now every evening, so the place is

dreary, especially as everything has been marched off, and not a book left; so L. and I have to fall back upon an old pack of cards and an ancient newspaper.

Bangalore, June 4.

We left Nundi at the early hour of four. There was a strong wind and a thick driving mist, so that we could not see a yard from the door. I got into the tonjon, well wrapped up in a plaid, eight men hoisting me on their shoulders, a peon on one side and the Amildar on the other, the latter having politely come up to escort me down. Away we went at full trot down the ghat, and, as the mist cleared off, the descent was very pretty, with peeps at the country below. The Amildar was so civil, running by my side all the way, L. having taken the short cut, that I felt quite ashamed of my want of confidence in not liking to be alone with the natives. Arrived at the bottom of the ghat, we found the carriage, and a crowd of carts, coolies, and beggars. L. mounted the redoubtable Ajax, and rode off across country to Devanhully, Ajax prancing and curvetting like a small war-horse. I got into the carriage, escorted by Silladars, and quite enjoyed the drive to Bangalore, which we reached at eleven. I felt so pleased to be at home, as everything looked green and pretty, and Marie, all smiles, was waiting at the door of the bungalow.

Bangalore, February 4, 1870.

Here I am, writing to you in our dismantled drawing-room, from which all the pictures and ornaments have

disappeared. I have just come from the nursery, where I left my Eddie—Marie's 'delicieux tweet,' and the amah's 'chinna Raja' (little king)—laughing and crowing at the flowers on the wall. You would be amused to see the fuss that is made with the little fellow. Marie superintends, and won't move from the nursery, as she says natives are not to be trusted. The ayah sings, dances, and talks to him; the amah considers she does her duty in feeding; old Poochamma is employed all day long in airing and folding; and Rosalie, the half-caste girl, acts as interpreter. In an evening, Marie drives out with him, while the amah sits in front holding a parasol over him. How shall we ever come down to the marrow-bone coach?

On the 1st, the officers of the Commission gave a dinner and dance as a farewell entertainment to L. in the Public Offices, which were most tastefully decorated for the occasion. One room was fitted up as a drawing-room—windows curtained, walls hung with pictures and mirrors, while sofas and settees had taken the place of the official tables and uneasy chairs.

We sat down to dinner upwards of eighty persons in the centre hall of the offices, at four tables, each table being arranged, provendered, and presided over by the wife of an officer in the Commission, each lady displaying her own good taste in the matter. The white walls of the hall were decorated with flags and spears, and the pillars had garlands of a brilliant scarlet creeper just now in flower, which was most effective. After dinner, Mr. K. made a very pretty speech, and did not spare my blushes—never mind, some say they are

becoming. Then they drank our healths, and L. replied.

After dinner the hall was cleared, as if by magic, and dancing began, the band of the 16th Lancers playing in one of the galleries. The whole entertainment was got up most handsomely and tastefully.

On the 2nd, L. went to Mysore to take leave of the little Maharâja, whom he visited in class, learning his A, B, C, with his future courtiers, the young Rajbindes. He afterwards saw them all at play, Colonel M. having taken much pains in teaching them English games. In the evening the town was illuminated, and all the different castes—Brahmins, Seths, Komatis, Lingayuts, and Musalmans, presented complimentary addresses. This was followed by a dinner in the Residency, when there was much speechifying, and the evening ended with a display of fireworks.

Guindy, February 8.

On the 7th, addresses were presented to L. at the Public Offices by the Hindoos and Musalmans of Mysore, and by the people of Coorg. The hall was beautifully decorated, and crowded with many hundreds of natives, who came with garlands of flowers and bouquets to present to L. The address of the Hindoos was well composed, and presented in a handsome sandal-wood box, inlaid with a miniature of the little Raja.

That same evening we left Bangalore. The natives had been very busy all day erecting an arch at the gate, and swinging garlands across the road which leads

from the house to the station. Just before we started, the servants came and laid their turbans at our feet as a sign of regret at our departure. Most of them had been several years in L.'s service, and we had found them very faithful. I have not lost a single thing since I have been out here, which speaks well, I think, for the honesty of the household.

It was dark as we drove out of the compound, and the crowd was so great all the way to the station that we were forced to drive slowly, with men at the horses' heads, lest they should take fright at the shouting of the people, the colored lights, and the torches. The station was crowded with all our friends, who had come to see us off. Such a shaking of hands, good-bye, and good wishes! It was quite affecting, and the station at last became so full that the doors had to be closed, and it was some little time before the train could be safely moved out. As soon as it did there was a great cheer, and we were off. Farewell for ever! At a cross road, a little higher up the line, another crowd had collected, and gave another cheer. It was too dark to recognise anyone, so I could only flutter a handkerchief out of the window, to show that the kind feeling was appreciated.

Away we went, whizzing and whirling all through the night. When the train stopped anywhere, the Coorg deputation, who have come down to Madras to see the last of us, cheered lustily.

How dusty and tired we were next morning, when the sun got up, and glared at us unmercifully before we reached Madras, where we found Lord N.'s son, who had kindly come to meet us with an escort. We then

drove to this charming place, where there is a very large, white, and luxurious house, standing in a wild park, full of fine trees and antelope, with a glimpse of the sea in the distance.

Lady N. is confined to her room, having met with a serious accident. The horses ran away and dashed the carriage against a tree, one of the horses being killed on the spot, and Lady N. being thrown out. She is now suffering from the shock and many bruises, but the wonder is that she was not more hurt.

I am enjoying the visit here as much as is possible, with the prospect of the voyage before me as soon as the gun at Fort St. George announces the arrival of the French steamer.

Galle, February 15.

The gun boomed at last, the French steamer had arrived, and the pleasant visit at Guindy was at an end.

The steamer left Madras on the 12th at midday, so we were well grilled before we got on board. There was the long drive in from Guindy in the heat, the glare and the dust, and then the waiting in the dirty little bureau of the Messagéries Impériales, where the heat was stifling. Knowing what I should have to encounter on the pier, I begged for a little water, and, soaking a handkerchief, put it as a protection under my hat. What a guy I must have looked! but, just then, I was regardless of appearance. Lord N. met us on the pier to say good-bye; and when a Governor does not think it too hot to turn out for an act of courtesy, I suppose

inferior mortals ought not to grumble; so I will only give one growl, and say how sorry I felt for myself and everyone else, as I stood in the sun at the top of the ladder at the end of the pier. Then followed the giddy descent, with the waters surging beneath, my heart in my mouth, or my head in my stomach—I don't know which it was. The leap in, and the agonising moments watching Marie descend with the baby, and the feeling of relief when we were all safely in, and the men pulled off to the ship. There is one comfort in being well frightened—that it is an effectual cure for sea-sickness.

The faithful Coorgs came off to the ship, and got on board to see the last of us, bringing me a photograph of themselves, nicely taken in a group, and they gave three cheers when they left.

The 'Godavery' was a small steamer, well appointed, and the Commandant was very civil. The *cuisine* was excellent, but what was food to me at such times! We had a quick run to Pondicherry, which we reached the same day. The heat was very great, but bearable till we anchored in the roads. At night it was suffocating, and waking with a stifled feeling, I called to L., and fainted away. I was dragged into the saloon, where there was more air, or, I believe, I should never have revived. The Commandant was very considerate, and, as there was only one other lady on board, begged I would occupy the ladies' saloon, where I had more space and air.

We reached Point-de-Galle on the 15th, and as the China steamer had not arrived, we landed, and came to the hotel, which is very comfortable, but the noise

outside is distressing. 'Madam, buy ring?' 'I got one very good ring.' 'Master want ruby?' 'Sir—sir, buy fan? Very good fan.' 'Madam, buy basket—very cheap.' 'Comb, sir? very good comb;' and so it goes on all day, a crowd of natives, each one shouting at the top of his voice, anxious to sell his wares, and persecuting everyone who goes in or out of the hotel, or appears at a window, or sits in the verandah. It is such a nuisance!

Marseilles, March 13.

The rest of the voyage home has been both interesting and amusing. The 'Hooghly' is a splendid vessel, the largest on the line, and the arrangements and management are perfect.

The evening before we left Galle, the great ship presented a most curious and animated scene. I can only compare it to a beehive or an ants' nest swarming with human beings. As she lay in the harbour at Galle, she was surrounded by crowds of boats and barges, discharging provender, specie, or luggage, while her decks and vast sides were crowded with people.

The passengers were of all nations, and the manners and customs of some were entertaining. L. was very much taken aback the first morning after we sailed, on going on deck, as it is the custom for gentlemen to do on board the P. and O. steamers, to find that ladies, also with bare feet and airy garments, were enjoying the morning air. Some of the costumes were peculiar. One neglected little boy of five years old

wore nothing but a pinafore, which had no strings behind, so that it waved over his head like a flag of distress, while several young girls appeared in white calico drawers and blouses—loose and cool, no doubt, but remarkable.

The *cuisine* was excellent, and the attendance very good, all the meals being served *à la Russe*. One arrangement struck me as being very good, that is, that all the luggage was lettered and placed in the hold, so that there was no difficulty in getting at the boxes; and any lady could go down with ease and get anything she might require.

We had a quick and smooth run to Aden, which we reached on February 25, but, on leaving, the wind had freshened, it was rather rough, and the 'Hooghly' began to roll in a way which I thought very dreadful. Visions of a possible shipwreck on a coral reef would present themselves to my mind—not improbable even, seeing that so many steamers have been lost on the reefs in the Red Sea in fair weather, and now it was foul. That night I put everything ready in case of accident, and sat up in my berth ready for an emergency, getting laughed at by L. for my pains; but when I remember how M. was wrecked in the 'Alma,' in the Red Sea, in perfectly calm weather, and landed on a coral reef in nothing but her night gown, I think I was only prudent.

We arrived at Suez a day earlier than we were expected, the Commandant being anxious to see how quickly the voyage could be made by the Canal in fair weather; but imagine his disgust, and our impa-

tience, when we found that we could not enter the Canal, the Superintendent being absent, and his return uncertain. We were advised not to land, but some gentlemen did so, and were left behind in consequence, for next morning it blew a gale, and the little steamer in which they came off could not get alongside of the 'Hooghly.' After a delay of some hours we steamed away to the entrance of the Canal, and then our troubles began. The Commandant did get us out of them, but I think he was a clever man to do so, for the navigation through the Canal of a ship of 2,500 tons, like the 'Hooghly,' was a miracle of skill, and he never left the passerelle from the moment we started till we anchored at night at Kantara.

The Canal work, though wonderful as a piece of engineering, cannot as yet be said to be a perfect success. It is, for the greater part of the way, extremely narrow, and not only does it not admit of two ships passing one another, excepting in a few places, but a ship of the length of the 'Hooghly' has considerable difficulty in navigating the curves. In many places the depth of the water is quite insufficient to admit of the passage of vessels drawing more than 17 feet (though, nominally, it admits those drawing 21 feet), owing no doubt to the silting process which is always going on.

As it was blowing a gale of wind when we entered the Canal, it was found impossible to steam at regulation speed, or the ship would have been blown on to the bank, and to add to the difficulty, dredging machines were at work, and as we could not stop, and they could not get out of the way, we struck against

some of them, and in one instance carried away one of our ladders. After losing sight of Suez and the statue of Lieut. Waghorn at the entrance to the Canal, nothing was to be seen but the trackless desert, and there was no vestige of vegetation or habitation, except the huts of the workmen, till we reached the bitter lakes, where the water, being deeper, admits of rapid passage. After leaving these we reached Ismailia, a tolerably large place, and the terminus of a branch of the Cairo railway.

On leaving Ismailia the Canal again narrows, and we touched the bottom three times. Before we arrived at Kantara, the ship suddenly gave a great lurch over, as if she would turn on her side, and there was a rush at once of people, some to the side and some below, when she righted. It was evident, however, that she had stuck fast, and it was long before she moved again, and when she did, we perceived that something had happened to the screw. The excitement on board was intense, everyone on board who was supposed to understand anything of nautical matters being appealed to as to whether it would be safe to proceed on the voyage in the 'Hooghly.' People consulted together and shook their heads and croaked, and nothing else was discussed all day, most people looking at the blackest side. The next morning a young Frenchman dived under the ship, and ascertained that two or three blades of the screw were broken or bent.

We reached Port Said at 2 P.M. on the 4th. Though this town is quite of recent origin, it already

numbers 10,000 people, being a fast-rising depôt and port for steamers. Its population is a motley rabble of French, Italians, Germans, and Levantines, added to the indigenous Egyptians. It is very dirty, and the streets are simply tracks of heavy sand. Hotels, shops, and cafés are rising up, and there is a church and a convent, but the appearance of the place is anything but attractive.

Divers went down to examine the damaged screw, which was found not to be so much injured as we feared, although it was apprehended that the speed of the ship would be lessened.

We left on the 5th in bad weather, a strong north-west wind having blown for two or three days, raising a considerable sea, but when we sighted Candia it had fallen, and I was less miserable. The view of the island was beautiful, the higher hills being covered with snow. On the 8th, the sea was again rough, and the 'Hooghly' pitched about in a wonderful way. As I struggled across the saloon, I found myself at one moment tumbling down hill and the next struggling up an incline. As we entered the Straits of Messina, the wind fell, and the sea became calm.

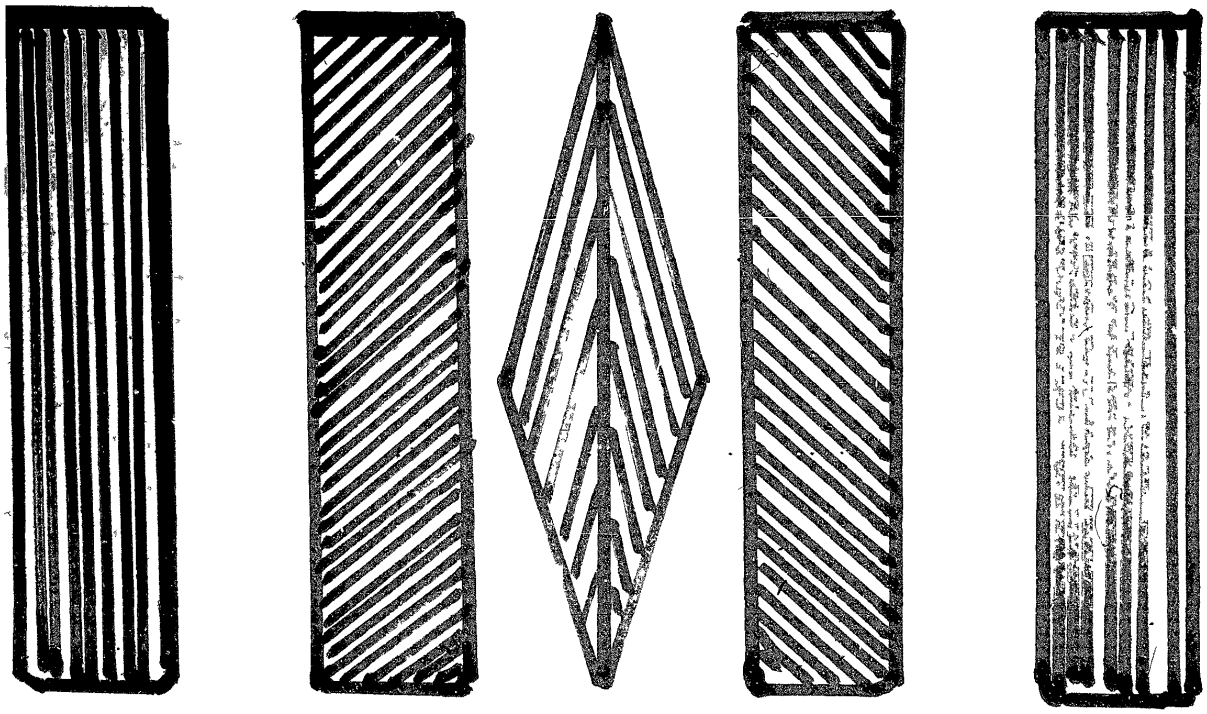
The view of the Calabrian coast on one side, and of Sicily, with the frozen summit of Mount Etna, on the other, was glorious, and we had a most enjoyable run close to the former, passing numerous towns and farms, with bright patches of cultivated ground, and, behind, the lofty rugged mountains. The whole scenery of the Messina Straits is grand and striking, and on leaving them we resumed our north-westerly course, pass-

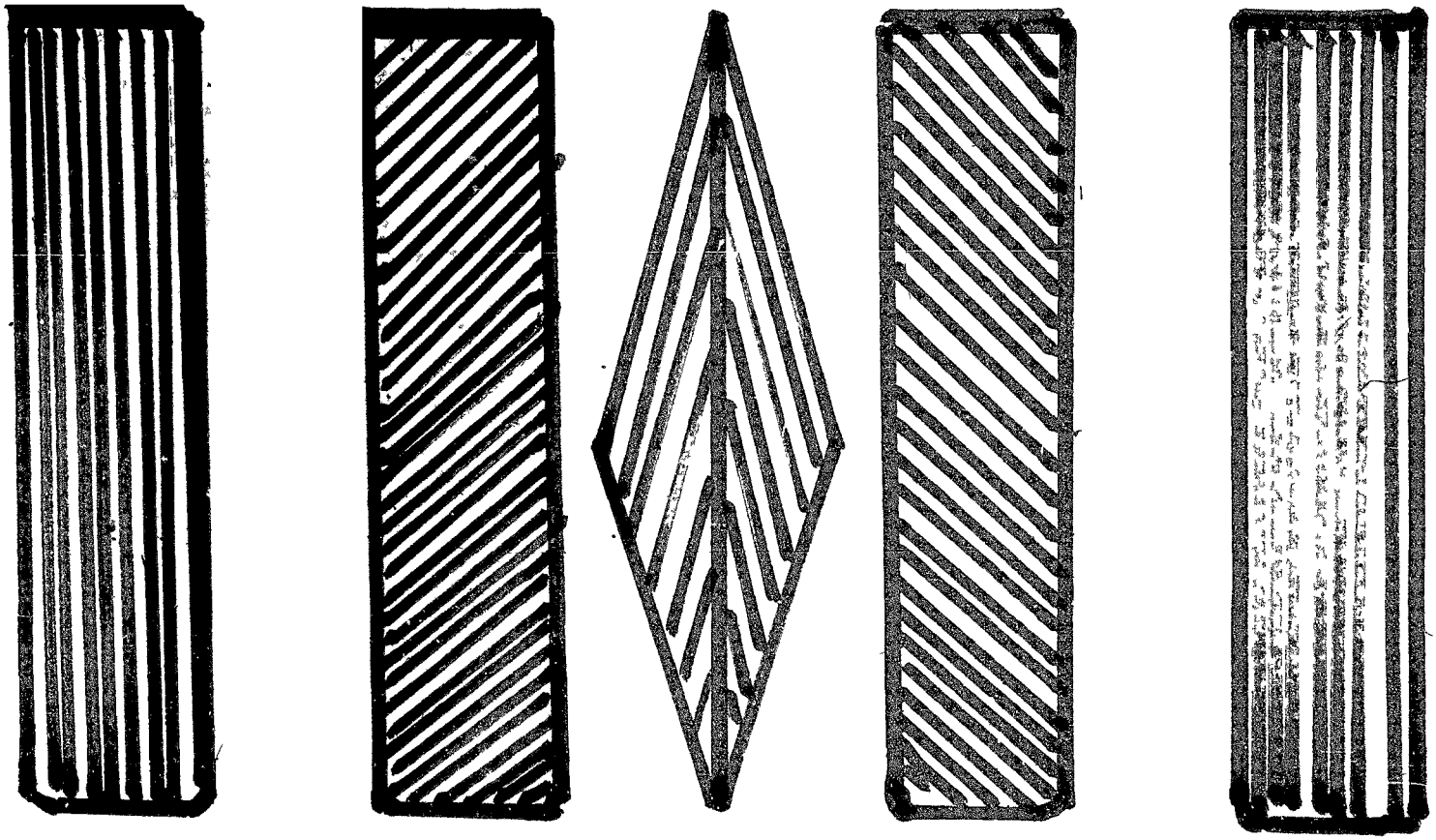
ing by the smoking crater of Stromboli and its sister isles.

The wind was so high that the Commandant thought it prudent to avoid the rough weather which we should probably encounter if we passed through the Straits of Bonifaccio, so we steamed along the eastern side of Corsica, and in the morning had a grand view of Bastia and other places near Cape Corse. But the mestral blew fiercely, and on reaching Marseilles it was so rough that the pilot would not take us into harbour, so we steered into the quarantine basin to our great disgust and wrath. We were all ready to land, and many of us knew that warm hearts and dear hands were waiting on the quay to greet us.

The ship, having been built for the tropics, was bitterly cold, the mestral whistling through the persiennes, while we all shivered and grumbled and bemoaned our hard fate for thirty-six long weary hours, at the end of which time, having all lost our tempers, and many of us caught bad colds, we steered towards the Quai Napoleon. The ship seemed herself irate at her cold reception, and took the roof off a warehouse as she lay to.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET





ವಿಧಾನೀಯ ಪರಿಷತ್ತು ಗಾರ ಕ ಂ 66/cs
ಗಾಯತ್ರಿ ದೇವಾಲಯ ಸಂ ಕೆ ಆರ್
ಅರಮನೆ ಆವರಣ
ಮೈಸೂರು - 570 001

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY

Certified that the books microfilmed as per list hereunder are authentic publications preserved in the Library of the University of Mysore, Manasa Gangotri, Mysore. The originals are available in the Library of the University of Mysore, Manasa Gangotri, Mysore for verification.

Mysore.

(J. V. GAYATHRI)
Archives Offic
001

ಪ್ರಧಾನೀಯ ಪತ್ರಾಗಾರ ಕಛೇರಿ 66/65
ಕಾಯಪತ್ರ ದೇವಾಲಯ ಸರ್ಕಾರ
ಆರಮನೆ ಆವರಣ
ಮೈಸೂರು - 570 001

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY

Certified that the books microfilmed as per list hereunder are authentic publications preserved in the Library of the University of Mysore, Manasa Gangotri, Mysore. The originals are available in the Library of the University of Mysore, Manasa Gangotri, Mysore for verification.

Mysore.

(J. V. GAYATRI)
Chief Director
Central Archives Office
Mysore 570 001
ಮುಖ್ಯ
ಗಾಯತ್ರಿ ಕಛೇರಿ

LIST OF BOOKS MICROFILMED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MYSORE, MANASA GANGOTRI, MYSORE.

1. British India Analysed, Parts I, II and III (The Provincial and Revenue establishments of Tipoo Sultan and of Mahomedan and British Conquerors), 1795.

~~2. Memoirs of Tipoo Sultan - Reprint, 1819.~~

2. Memoirs of Hyder Ali Khan Bahadur and Tipoo Sultan, 1848.

3. A Narrative of the sufferings of James Bristow during ten years of captivity with Hyder Ali and Tipoo Saheb, Reprint, M.D.CC. XCVI.

4. Experiences of an English planter in the ~~M~~ Jungles of Mysore.
5. " " " " " " " " Vol I - II
6. A Review of the origin, Progress and Result of the Decisive war with the late Tipoo Sultan, in Mysore with Notes By James Salmond, London, 1800.

7. A view of the origin and conduct of the war with Tipoo Sultan; comprising A Narrative of the operations of the Army under the command of Lieutenant-General George Harris, and of the Siege of Seringapatam By Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Beatson, London, 1800.

5/5/93
Deputy Director
Divisional Archives Office
Mysore 5 0 001.
ಉಪ ನಿದೇ-ಕರು
ಪ್ರಾಂತೀಯ ಸಚಿವಾಲಯ ಕಛೇರಿ
ಮೈಸೂರು

E4CS

LIST OF BOOKS MICROFILMED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MYSORE, MANASA GANGOTRI, MYSORE.

1. British India Analysed, Parts I, II and III (The Provincial and Revenue establishments of Tipoo Sultan and of Mahomedan and British Conquerors), 1795.

available in lib. Seid librarian Seif 22/9

2. ~~Memoirs of Tipoo Sultan - Reprint, 1819.~~

3. Memoirs of Hyder Ali Khan Bahadur and Tipoo Sultan, 1848.

4. A Narrative of the sufferings of James Bristow during ten years of captivity with Hyder Ali and Tipoo Saheb, Reprint, M.D.CC. XCVI.

5. Experiences of an English planter in the Jungles of Mysore. V.1 - II

6. A review of the origin, progress and result of the Decisive war with the late Tipoo Sultan, in Mysore with Notes By James Salmond, London, 1800.

7. A view of the origin and conduct of the war with Tipoo Sultan; comprising A Narrative of the operations of the Army under the command of Lieutenant-General George Harris, and of the Siege of Seringapatam By Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Beatson, London, 1800.

Deputy Director
Divisional Archives Office
Mysore-5 0 001.

FILE No. ARS 15 APP 2

COLLECTIONS OF RARE BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MYSORE, MANASAGANGOTRI. MYSORE.

SELECTED BY J.V. GAYATHRI, ARCHIVIST, DIVISIONAL ARCHIVES OFFICE; MYSORE.

FILE No. ARS 15 APP 92

COLLECTIONS OF RARE BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MYSORE. MANASA GANGOTRI, MYSORE.

SELECTED BY J.V. GAYATHRI, ARCHIVIST, DIVISIONAL ARCHIVES OFFICE, MYSORE.

My U 9.]

File No.

195 195

Serial No.

THE MYSORE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Subject

cl. 969.09

Acc. 55900

Page. 1 - 104

MYSORE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
MYSORE

WD 4294— GBPM—1,000—17-8-50